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TRANSLATION FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

A FIRESIDE PIECE.

OUTSIDE the blast is making riot,
And through the darkness the snowflakes
fall;

Here in my little room all is quiet,
Warm and dry, and so snug withal.

Musing I sit on my cushioned settle,
Facing the firelight's fitful shine;
Sings on the hob the simmering kettle,
Songs that seem echoes of "auld lang syne."

And close beside me the cat sits purring,
Warming her paws at the cheery gleam;
The flames keep flitting, and flickering, and
whirring, —
My mind is lapped in a realm of dream.

Many long, long forgotten summers
Rise up, wraith-like, before my view,
Some in the brightness of masking mummings,
Some with their splendors bedimmed in
hue.

Lovely, serene-faced women sweetly
Meanings divine in a glance convey;
Revellers, mingling among them fleetly,
Caper and laugh, and are madly gay.

Marble gods in the distance tower;
Near them, dream-like in beauty rare,
Is a fairy grove that has burst in flower,
And sheds perfume on the moonlit air.

Castles full many of wizard story
Totter along with their crests awry;
Knights behind them, in full-plumed glory,
With troops of their squires come riding by.

'Tis gone! The beautiful dream is over!
Away like a phantom the pageant draws!
Oh dear! The kettle is boiling over,
And pussy is yelling with scalded paws.
Blackwood's Magazine.

AN APRIL WOOD.

SWEET April sat in a regal wood,
And I sat down by her side;
Glad with the promise of leaf and of bud,
Flushed with the glory of Sol's bright flood, —
There she sat in her queenly pride.

Out and away from the regal wood
Cloud-isles hung in the motionless sky;
And the heavenly league, and the earthly
road,
Seem'd fresh from the voice that pronounced
them "good," —
And happy were April and I.

In and about in the regal wood
The birds were full of April glee;
On a leafing elm a bold thrush stood,
Singing a song that was understood
By a mate on a neighboring tree.

But a cloud came over the regal wood,
In the scream of a frightened hare;
A hound pursued it eager for blood;
A squirrel nigh me shook where it stood;
And I fancied the world less fair.

Then I rose to depart from the regal wood,
And saw in the grass that there lay
A glittering snake with a raven hood;
The sight of it cooled and curdled my blood:
I trembled, — and went on my way.
Spectator. WILLIAM WILSON.

A MAY-SONG.

I.

WHEN the winds go Maying,
All in the woods so green,
The village-chimes,
In the good old times,
Rung out for the young May-queen.
'Twas a goodly sight
When the maidens bright,
And the lads of generous mould,
Went out with the winds a-Maying
In the merry days of old.
A-Maying! A-Maying!
Went out with the winds a-Maying
In the merry days of old!

II.

When the winds go Maying
The emerald meadows through,
'Twas a maiden freak,
Each rosy cheek
To bathe in the young May dew;
And the dainty girls,
With the dewy pearls,
Decked their hair of the silken gold,
When they went with the winds a-Maying
In the merry days of old.
A-Maying! A-Maying!
When they went with the winds a-Maying
In the merry days of old!

III.

When the winds go Maying
By streamlet, grove, and hill,
Young Summer, drest
In her May-day vest,
Will gladly hail them still.
And the maidens gay
Will dance and play
With the lads of generous mould,
As they did when the winds went Maying
In the merry days of old.
A-Maying! A-Maying!
As when the winds went Maying
In the merry days of old.
Temple Bar. JOHN SHEEHAN.

From The British Quarterly Review.
CONSTANTINOPLE.*

PERHAPS no city in the world has been more described, more praised, or more abused, than the city of the sultan, the capital of the Turkish empire. It has furnished a fruitful theme for the descriptive tourist, from Pocock and Tavernier to Albert Smith and Thackeray, while it has been a rich field for the patient researches of learned archæologists. In our review of the comparatively modern books at the head of this article we shall endeavor to give our readers an idea of Constantinople, social and political, as it exists, rather than plunge into the antiquarian questions, rich as they are, in which so interesting a city abounds. A residence of some five years entitles us to undertake this task, not unmindful, however, that a much longer residence could not have rendered us safe from the liability to error. Constantinople collectively is a name used by Europeans as a term for a group of cities once distinct, but for many years forming one grand metropolis, richly deserving a visit from all tourists, not from its merits merely as a beautiful city, for man has done but little, nature much, in adorning the Golden Horn and the banks of the Bosphorus; but perhaps no city in the world can afford such magnificent views, such marvellous variety of race and costume, or such interesting relics of a by-gone age. This city has two names, Constantinople or the city of Constantine, and Stamboul or Istamboul, a name adopted by the Turks, but which is said nevertheless to be a name of Greek origin.

The city now consists mainly of Stamboul proper, inhabited by Turks, with, however, large numbers of Greeks and Armenians peopling extensive quarters. This main division of the city consists of a triangular tongue of land, bounded at the base by the ancient walls of the Byzantine city so bravely and vainly defended by the last of the Constantines against Mahomed

II.; on the south, by the Sea of Marmora; on the east, by the Bosphorus; and on the north by that beautiful stretch of water called the Golden Horn. The apex of the triangle is occupied by an ancient palace of the sultans, and is called Seraglio Point. The water of the Golden Horn is crossed by a bridge of boats of comparatively modern construction, and this leads northwards to another quarter of the great city called Galata, once an independent settlement of the Genoese (when the city was in the feeble hands of the Byzantine Greeks), and still owning, like Pera, the next suburb, a sort of independence, inasmuch as these places are crowded with Europeans owning no allegiance to the Porte, and living under the laws of their respective countries.

It is but a trite remark of all tourists that they are delighted with the magnificent aspect of the city from the deck of their vessel, but are bitterly disappointed on landing. In truth, the site and surroundings of this capital are indescribably beautiful, while the streets and houses are wretched. In the month of May the visitor, as he glides into the harbor of the Golden Horn, seems to be approaching a fairy city. The sky is clear, the atmosphere is bright and sunny, the air is redolent with the fragrance of flowers wafted from the green hills, covered with marble palaces and green vineyards alternated with copses and gardens. The songs of nightingales are faintly heard in the distance, the waters of the Bosphorus, of emerald green, sparkle in the sunshine, and are covered with picturesque caiques rowed by brawny boatmen in the whitest of shirts and the reddest of fezes, while snowy seagulls and kittiwakes disport themselves with marvellous tameness amongst the boatmen. The visitor is enchanted with the scene around him; he gazes with impatience at the city of palaces rising on the hills of Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari; he longs to disembark. At length the tedious formalities are at an end, he jumps into a caique, is rowed to the Tophané landing-place, and there his illusions vanish. He is dragged from his boat and placed on a dangerously rotten wooden structure, built upon a loathsome

* 1. *Three Years in Constantinople*. By CHARLES WHITE. Colburn. 1844.

2. *A Residence in Constantinople*. By the Rev. R. WALSH, LL.D. Richard Bentley. 1838.

3. *Two Years of the Eastern Question*. By A. GALLENGA. Samuel Tinsley. 1877.

dunghill or refuse heap: here are squatted a score of the famous wild or rather ownerless dogs of the city, growling over the miscellaneous garbage which is thrown on this spot. In addition to the dogs are a number of hammals, or porters, ready to seize and carry his luggage. Then he is assailed by beguirjees, or hack horsemen, each leading an animal which he is requested to mount: these are in place of the hackney-coachmen, einspanners, droskymen, or birdjos of other capitals. As the traveller proceeds to his hotel, whether on foot or horseback, he must indeed be of elastic temperament if he does not suffer from a sense of depression. None of the exhilarating sights of Western cities meet his eye; the streets are narrow and gloomy; the main street of Pera—and it is here the European must land, for there are no hotels in Constantinople proper or Istamboul—is narrower than Fetter Lane, and the pavement is horrible.

As the traveller proceeds to his hotel he encounters, as a rule, no carriage traffic, for the narrowness of the streets and the abominable pavement do not admit of it, but he may now and then meet with three or four carriages proceeding at foot pace, and preceded by a black eunuch, which contain some women of a great man's harem, and it will not be easy to pass these on horseback. After a laborious and painful progress the traveller at length arrives at his hotel, some two or three of which are in every respect good, all of which are dear. Here he may rest and study the varied characteristics of the city of the sultan.

It is a curious sensation for the citizen of a free country to find himself suddenly living under an absolute despotism. One of the glorious titles of the sultan is Hoonkyar, shedder of blood or manslayer. The true Turk looks upon him as a sort of god, and by no means one of a beneficent nature, but the real Eastern potentate, cruel, capricious, and all powerful, whom to hear is to obey, and whose slightest whims are of more importance than the well-being of whole populations. Millions are living under this gloomy despotism, administered by pashas whose moral character is probably more depraved in

every sense than that of any governing class in the world. But the European, although dwelling under the shadow of the sultan, may be at ease on this point: he is still under the laws of his own country, though, as in all ill-organized and barbarous states, he may be liable to outrage of an accidental kind, for which he can never receive adequate compensation.

Under the reign of Sultan Soleiman, all foreign subjects engaged in trade in the Ottoman dominions were allowed to organize themselves into a sort of municipality, and settle their disputes without reference to the true believers, who had more serious matters to attend to, without troubling themselves with the contemptible squabbles of inferior beings; therefore certain "capitulations" were arranged with the governments of Europe, and a most valuable right was thus contemptuously accorded, which has been jealously guarded ever since. The privilege of living and trading in Turkey, without the constant danger of being fleeced by pashas or robbed by zaptiés, was so valuable, that, as might have been expected, a sort of trade grew up, and the chiefs of missions not only demanded and obtained a number of these téskéres or passports, but began to give them to native Christians for a consideration. In this way a commerce was established of a very profitable kind, all foreign envoys being engaged in it, so that when Sir R. Liston, twenty-fifth British ambassador, arrived in Pera in 1793, and found that his salary mainly depended upon this undignified source, he demanded his recall, or the establishment of a fixed income, and he thus established his embassy in a proper and dignified position. Nothing, however, can more clearly mark the barbarous Asiatic nature of the government of the sultan, than the possibility of such a source of income. Imagine, if we can, the French, the Russian, or German embassy in London being besieged by any class of British subjects, offering money to the ambassadors in return for their protection against the petitioners' government. From the result of an observation of some years in the Levant, we do not hesitate to say that amongst the English and French protected subjects in Tur-

key, more than two-thirds have no English blood in their veins. Their *teskére* is, however, jealously guarded as their most precious treasure, and you could not offend one of these people more than by throwing any doubt on his nationality. When a *rayah*, tributary, or non-Mussulman Turkish subject has by any amount of scheming obtained an English, French, or Russian passport, he at once does his utmost to obliterate every trace of his former nationality, and he becomes fanatically devoted to his adopted country, whose language, unless it be French or Italian, in nine cases out of ten he cannot speak. He however adopts the European costume, and instead of the flowing, tasteful robes of the East, and the graceful turban or fez, he encases his limbs in tight pantaloons, and covers his head with the hideous black hat. His name, too, often undergoes a change. We remember a so-called English family, named Alepson, the head of which wore the old-fashioned orthodox mutton-chop whiskers, and conformed himself rigidly in everything but speech to the English standard. On inquiry, we found that he was a Syrian originally, whose name was *Alepli oglou* (the son of the Aleppo man). He had simply shaved off, with his beard, the termination *li*, signifying "of such a place," and translated *oglou* correctly into English, "son," and thus with the change of costume had become a *bonâ fide* Englishman in everything but language, which is the usual difficulty. We once stumbled upon a veritable Levantine colony of English. A more fanatically patriotic colony could not have been found in the world, but scarcely a man, and no woman, could be found who spoke English, and not one without a strong foreign accent. Their language was French or Greek. The politics of these British subjects undergo usually a remarkable change with their adopted nationality. Their *rayah* cousins, still wearing the yoke, are of course intensely hostile to the Turks, but the British subjects begin to talk of the British interests, and of the "integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire." The cause of this is obvious: they are in an exceptionally favored position, and profit by it enormously. While

the unfortunate *rayah* is plundered, directly or indirectly, by some greedy Turkish pasha, the protected Englishman cannot be touched by the Turkish authorities, need not bribe Turkish *cadis*, and has no fear of being arbitrarily thrown into a Turkish prison. How often has the English tourist member of Parliament sought for information as to the state of the country from English subjects living under English laws in the Levant, and how often has he been told that the Turkish government is after all one of the most tolerant and beneficent the world has seen, and that all the mischief reported of it comes from "Russian intrigues."

We have spoken of the sultan as the Hoonkyar—the shedder of blood—the Eastern potentate who has the power of life and death over his subjects. The exercise of this power has fallen into abeyance, and although dark deeds are still from time to time perpetrated in the palace, these are no longer a matter of course, but are spoken of in whispers as something to be ashamed of, which of course is a great gain. This change is the result of European public opinion, which daily presses more and more on the life of Constantinople, and was chiefly remarked during the reign of the gentle, amiable, and feeble debauchee, Sultan Abdul Mejid, who had a constitutional aversion to the shedding of blood, and who was peculiarly under the influence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. In the days of the Great Elchie it used to be said that the sultan invariably fortified himself with a stiff glass of brandy before undergoing an interview with the British ambassador. The sultan Abdul Aziz, who is said to have killed himself with a pair of scissors, occasionally was guilty of outbreaks of temper which were formidable to those around him. Mr. Gallenga says:—

One of his besetting weaknesses was an almost superstitious fear of fire, and it is said, that he would allow neither lamp nor candle to be carried about the palace after dark. One night, as he was groping along the corridors, one of his favorite slaves came suddenly out of her apartment, taper in hand, to light his way. He turned upon her in a towering fury, felled her to the ground, trampled

upon her, and, as she was in Poppæa's interesting condition, the poor girl succumbed to the same fate that the Roman empress met at Nero's hands.

The man to whom is entrusted the irresponsible power over the great Ottoman empire might be supposed to have to undergo no ordinary training for so great a position. To all appearances the sultan in his youth has less education, or a worse education, than the meanest of his subjects. According to Mussulman laws the eldest male is the heir to the throne, consequently he is usually the brother of the reigning sultan. While the latter reigns the former is kept in perpetual confinement. True, he is not thrown into a dungeon, or subject to any privations except loss of liberty; but he is kept, as it were, in a gilded cage. He is provided with a large number of beautiful female slaves, and if any one of these is discovered to be in an interesting condition, the offspring is murdered. He has his yachts, his horses, carriages, dogs, and other luxuries; but he is surrounded by spies, and jealously guarded from intercourse with the outer world, and should any irregularities affecting this strict seclusion be discovered, the imperial prisoner runs great risk of being secretly made away with. The daily life of the sultan himself is well described by Gallenga:—

The impression the Sultan Abdul Aziz made upon me was that of a man consummately bored. All the slaves of the best-stocked harem cannot save empire from its sense of unmitigated loneliness. Nothing, it seems, could equal the inanity, triviality, and utter blank of the sultan's mind. He could gossip on any subject with glibness, but everything in his look and speech betrayed the gloomy ignorance in which his harem education had buried his mental faculties. He appeared altogether destitute of all the powers of reasoning, incapable of any intellectual exertion, and especially of any such effort of imagination as might enable him to break through the magic circle of his concentrated selfishness, and to feel or even show sympathy with any human being. There was nothing so deeply rooted in his brain as the consciousness that the whole world was made for himself alone. The sultan's scheme of government consisted of bidding another to govern in his name. His deputy drew up a firman or iradé addressed to himself—*à toi mon vizir*—signed by himself, and laid before a sovereign, the first and foremost title to whose favor was "never to plague about business." The decree which was to go forth in the sultan's name was presented but not read, and seldom explained at any length to his Majesty, whose mere nod was accepted as his approval and

sanction, without any further need of seal or signature.

Within the lifetime of middle-aged men great outward changes have taken place in the life and ceremonial of the court of the sultan. Mr. Walsh, whose book entitled "Residence at Constantinople" was published in 1838, thus describes a visit of the ambassador and suite to the sultan, about 1826:—

Lord Strangford, attended by his suite, proceeded to the palace at the day appointed, about two o'clock. The procession was led by the secretary of legation. He bore before him, in an embroidered case, like the chancellor's purse, the letter of the king to the grand seignior. We entered the edifice by a wide and lofty gateway, from whence, some say, is derived the name of the Sublime Porte. We were introduced into a very spacious apartment, which was the audience-room. Here we were stopped a moment at the door, till the grand vizier and his attendants appeared at the other. This was the signal to advance, when the two crowds hastened to the upper end of the room apparently trying who should arrive there first. Here we found a triangular stool without a back placed at an angle in the divan. Into this angle the grand vizier thrust himself, and waiting till the ambassador had arrived at the stool, they both sat down at the same moment face to face, and then the letter of the king was delivered to the grand vizier.

The following Tuesday, May 22nd, was the great day appointed for the audience with the sultan, and the description of it reads marvellously like a page from the travels of Livingstone, or some African traveller. The ambassador and his suite set out at a very early hour, mounted on richly-caparisoned horses.

The courtesies of life among these people are very extraordinary. It was certainly intended to pay the British ambassador particular respect through the whole of this ceremony, as we afterwards found, yet the vizier saw him, the representative of a great sovereign, with all his suite in full dress, kept waiting under a tree in a dirty street for near an hour; and though he courteously bowed to the Bostanji Bashi, and other Turkish officers, he did not condescend to take the slightest notice of us, no more than if we had been part of the crowd of hammals or porters with packs on their backs, who were gathered with us to see the great man pass by. When he went on we had leave to proceed. We followed him at a humble distance up a steep street. At the top of the street was the Babi Hummayoon, or Sublime Porte, the first entrance to the Seraglio. Here was a characteristic sight. The piles of human faces which I had seen a short time before were all trampled to the level of the ground. A few of the largest,

however, seemed reserved for this occasion. On each side of the gate were niches in the wall, and in one of these some boys were amusing themselves. I had the curiosity to look as usual for some trait of national manners, which is seen even in the sports of children, and I found it. They had got half a dozen of these mutilated heads, which they were balancing on their toes, and knocking one off with another.

The embassy was first led through the Imperial Mint, and then, after pipes and coffee, to the second court of the Seraglio; and here, according to the ostentatious childish policy of the court, the strangers were shown the Janissaries receiving their pay. The ambassador and suite were next taken to an audience-room called the Divan, and after payment of the troops, the Europeans were taken to a barbarous feast, where they had to feed themselves with their fingers. "At the ambassador's table spoons were laid, which were supposed to be of horn. They were, however, of jasper, and said to be part of the costly table service of the Greek emperors, preserved since the taking of Constantinople. The tray also was silver of the same era, but so tarnished that it was not easy to distinguish the metal." Before any one was admitted to the sultan a fur pelisse was given him, in which he was enveloped. After an interminable number of tedious ceremonies the embassy was taken to the gate of the harem. "This gate was decorated with the most gorgeous display of Turkish sculpture. It was covered by a large semicircular projecting canopy, supported on pillars richly carved, gilt and embossed, in a style of architecture perfectly Oriental. Round the entry were several officers in their richest dresses, some in stuffs shot with gold, which, as they moved, were quite dazzling; but those which struck us most were the unfortunate eunuchs. Some of these were boys or young men from sixteen to twenty. They were tall, bloated, and disproportioned; their countenances were of a sickly sallow hue, with a delicate hectic flush and an expression of extreme anguish and anxiety, as if they suffered pain, and labored under a deep sense of degradation." While Mr. Walsh was gazing on these things in a kind of absorption of mind, he was roused by being suddenly seized by the collar by two men, one at each side. He observed that each of the party was caught in the same manner, and in this way they were dragged down a broad descending passage between rows of guards to the interior of the harem.

Here they were taken into a small, gloomy little chamber, one half of which was occupied by the visitors, the other by a large throne, exactly resembling in size and shape an old-fashioned four-post bed without curtains. This was covered with what at first seemed to be a gay-colored cotton quilt, but it was a rich stuff embroidered with dull gold and pearls. "On the side of this, with his feet hanging down, sat the sultan, exactly in the attitude of a man getting out of bed in the morning. Next to him, standing stiff, with his back to the wall, was the vizier, and next to him the capitan pasha: they both were motionless as statues, with their eyes riveted on the ground. The sultan never turned his head, which he kept straight forward, as immovable as if it were fixed in a vice; but his eye was continually rolling, and the white of it, something like the color of white glass, gleaming now and then under his mahogany forehead, as he glanced sideway at us, gave him a most demon-like expression. The speech of the ambassador, expressing a desire on the part of his Britannic Majesty to continue the ties of amity and good-will between the two powers, was translated to the sultan by his trembling dragoman, and after a short pause he replied in a low, but firm and haughty tone, addressing himself apparently to the vizier, who repeated the speech very badly and hesitatingly to the dragoman, who stammered it out in French to the ambassador." The dragoman's terror was deplorable; the perspiration dropped from his countenance, and no wonder: his predecessor had just been executed, and he had no hope of escaping the same fate, nor did he.

The interview did not last ten minutes, when the ambassador and suite were seized by their collars and arms and hurried out of the presence. This curious custom is said to have arisen from the murder of Murad I., commonly called Amurath. During or just before the battle of Kossovo a Servian nobleman, Milosh Kabilovich, rode to the Turkish camp, pretending that he was a deserter, and professing to have something of great importance to communicate. He was admitted to the presence of the sultan, and, while prostrating himself, he caught the sultan with the left hand and stabbed him with the right. From that time until comparatively lately every stranger approaching his Majesty was held by both arms, so as to preclude the possibility of any attempt on the sultan's life. It scarcely seems possible that

ambassadors still living amongst us were condemned to go through these humiliations within a comparatively recent period. We believe it was Sir Stratford Canning who first, by desire of his court, made a stand against these barbarous ceremonies, which were dropped, not we may suppose through any remonstrances of the British ambassador, but through the action of the Russians, who about the time of the change had reduced the pride of the barbarians to the dust, and dictated a peace at Adrianople.

Some years after the ceremonies above described we accompanied Sir Stratford Canning (now the venerable Lord Stratford de Redcliffe) to an audience of the sultan Abdul Mejid. The ceremony was remarkable only from its simplicity. The party filled the large state caïque of the ambassador, as we were about a dozen persons, the officials being in uniform. After half an hour's delay in an antechamber, where we smoked Latakia tobacco from diamond-mounted chibouques and sipped coffee from costly little cups, we were marshalled up the grand staircase of the palace of Dolma Baghtché, through a lane of guards dressed in a mongrel half-European costume. Entering the large salaamlık, or audience chamber, we found ourselves at once in the presence of the sultan. He was dressed in a very plain European costume, with sundry pashas in heavily embroidered gold coats standing near him. The sultan looked inexpressibly bored and ill at ease; his countenance was as vacuous as any that could be found in Earlswood; he fumbled uneasily with the hilt of his sword, shifted his postures, and gazed vacantly at the ceiling, while the ambassador made one of those pompous little speeches which are the commonplaces of diplomacy. The British dragoman translated the speech, and then translated, or tried to translate somewhat liberally, the few disjointed sentences that tumbled out of the mouth of the half-witted, worn-out debauchee that stood before us. We were then dismissed, but departed as we had entered, free men, without our arms being held. One remarkable circumstance struck us, and that was the mode in which the dragoman did his duty. He spoke in a low voice, according to etiquette, but his words were distinct enough, and we were close behind him.

For many reigns the sultans always affected to be sovereign lords of the world, owning no equals: they would never deign to receive or answer any communication directly from Christian sovereigns, who,

according to Turkish etiquette, ranked with the grand vizier, not with the sultan. The usual term applied to the sovereigns of Frangistan or Europe was Kral, the title of the tributary kings of Serbia, Bosnia, and such like States; and whenever the European powers joined in an alliance with the sultan against another power, all good Moslems affected to believe that the sultan had summoned other tributary states against the rebellious Russians or French, as the case might be, just as the ancient kings of Serbia were summoned to fight in the sultan's battles. The chief title of the sultan was Padishah, and it became a matter of grave negotiation to enforce the usage of this title by the Sublime Porte towards other great powers, a usage always resisted by the Porte, but enforced at last at the point of the sword. Thus the thirteenth article of the Treaty of Kainardji runs as follows: "The Sublime Porte promises to employ the sacred title of the Empress of all the Russias in all public acts and letters, as well as in all other cases, in the Turkish language, that is to say, '*Temamen Rousslerin Padishah.*'" What was our surprise and disgust to hear on this occasion the official dragoman term the queen of Great Britain (herself a far greater Moslem sovereign than the sultan himself) the Kralishé, the female Kral of England. Strange to say, the ambassador, himself a veteran diplomatist, who at that time had been, we believe, more than forty years in Turkey, could not speak or even understand a single sentence of Turkish, so that he meekly endured the indignity; and for anything we know to the contrary, the Levantine dragomans of the embassy still go on using the term, unless Mr. Layard, who has, we believe, a slight knowledge of Turkish, has detected the term and objected to it. Many objections have been made to the employment of dragomans bred and born in the country, and not without reason. They are as a rule imbued with a craven fear of Turkish authorities, a fear which becomes hereditary in these oppressed countries; moreover, they are not remarkable for the high-toned feelings which we ascribe to English gentlemen. An effort was made about thirty years ago by Lord Palmerston to change the system, and to substitute young Englishmen from the universities, but for some reason or other the plan was not approved of by Sir Stratford Canning, and so it failed before his steady opposition.

At the commencement of the reign of each sultan there is usually a loud fanfar-

onade of trumpets in the Western press proclaiming the new sultan to be an enlightened man of Western ideas and the husband of one wife. All this was said on the enthronement of Abdul Aziz in 1861, when the writer ventured in a letter to the *Times* to point out that this sultan had fifteen hundred women in his harem, and that his extravagance was likely to resemble that of his predecessor. Events proved the accuracy of the statement.

Strictly speaking, the sultan has no wife. When Bayazid I. was conquered and taken captive by Timour the Tartar at Angora, in 1402, his harem passed to his conqueror, the most indelible humiliation that an Eastern can suffer. The Osmanlis felt acutely the indignity thus offered to their sultan, and so to diminish the shame of any future occurrence of the kind, it was determined that no sultan should hereafter be married, or have a legitimate wife that could be so dishonored; but although the monarch has no wife, the children born of his concubines are legitimate; indeed, throughout Islam it is but necessary for a man to own a child to legitimize it, the Moslem law in this respect being more rational and merciful than the Christian or Roman. The harem of each sultan is immense, for the most valued gift from a great pasha is a beautiful slave girl, so that the imperial harem fills from year to year, for each woman honored by the notice of the sultan has an establishment of her own, consisting of slave girls, eunuchs, etc. When Sultan Abdul Aziz had been disposed of by an alleged suicide, and it was necessary to remove his family, fifty-three boats were employed to carry his women, children, nurses, slaves, etc. The women in the establishment are pretty nearly on an equality in cultivation and refinement, if indeed they have any. They are usually the children of peasants, not of the peasants of the West, broken and coarse with hard labor, but of the wilder, freer, and more graceful tribes of the Caucasus. Formerly these female slaves were from every northern nation. Turkish corsairs so late as the last century carried off slaves even from the coast of Ireland, and it may be that the sultans have Irish blood in their veins. The mother of Abdul Mejid was a Georgian Christian slave; but the Russians have protected the people of the Transcaucasian provinces from the periodical raids of Turkish slave-dealers, and have even limited the slave-trade with the Circassian tribes, so that the inmates of the imperial harem are usually women from

the lower tribes of the pagan or Mussulman Caucasus. So invariably beautiful are these chosen ones, that the wonder is the sultans have not usually been finer men.

It is a mistake to suppose that the sultan's harem is a collection of women placed indiscriminately at his Majesty's service. On the contrary there is, we are informed, a severe etiquette observed in all the intercourse between the monarch and his female slaves. The mother of the first-born prince takes precedence of all others, but does not assume the title of sultan until her son comes to the throne. There is no such title as sultana, sultan being, like effendi, common to both sexes. When a new sultan comes to the throne his mother assumes the title of sultan valide, and is second in the empire, with a residence and court of her own, and with an income of about £110,000 a year. Her household is said to consist of one hundred and fifty persons. When a slave girl bears a child to the monarch she becomes a kadin, and has a place of precedence accorded her, being second, third, or fourth, as the case may be. There is a sort of divinity which doth hedge every member of the imperial family. The female members are given in marriage by the sultan to his favorite pashas, or rather these latter are given to his sisters and daughters as they grow up. The unfortunate victim of the sultan's favor finds his exaltation not one of unmitigated bliss. The wife, if one may believe general report, is too often a cruel tyrant, rendering her husband's life a burden to him. He always approaches her in the most abject manner, and waits on her as a slave. These women possess enormous political influence of an occult and irresponsible kind, and exercised entirely in favor of men, not measures. It is said that a good-looking man on this account (and on another, of which more anon) has tenfold the chance of rising in the world that a plain man possesses. None of these sisters or daughters of the sultan are allowed to rear children, lest they should in any way dispute the succession to the throne. The barbarous practice, worthy only of Coomassie, is still in full vigor. Mihr Sultan, the daughter of Mahmoud II., lost her life through this custom. She was married to Said Pasha, and finding herself pregnant, she resolved to anticipate the murderer's work, and so consulted one of the wise women, usually Jewesses, who are adepts at procuring abortion. In this case the deleterious potions killed the unfortunate mother, who died in con-

vulsions. It is said that when the occurrence was reported to the sultan he shed tears, and vowed to change the custom, but it remains. In 1842 Ateya Sultan, sister of Abdul Mejid and wife of Halil Pasha, became pregnant. She had already had one infant murdered, and the prospect of another being sacrificed so preyed upon her spirits, that she resolved, with her husband, to procure the sultan's permission for the baby to live. Great exertions were made in consequence, and the poor mother was permitted to share those pure and holy joys in common with the meanest of the sultan's subjects. In due course the baby was born, a fine, healthy boy, and the royal mother herself gave it nourishment. At once a deep conspiracy was formed amongst the conservatives of the seraglio and the women who were the mothers of the imperial princes. On the morning of the third day, when the mother awoke and called to her attendants to bring her the baby from the magnificent inlaid cradle in which it reposed, the sorrowing nurse informed the horrified mother that the baby had died in the night of convulsions, and that etiquette had forbidden them to awaken the mother. On hearing this, and seeing the body of the child, the unhappy princess was seized with violent paroxysms, followed by delirium, which was succeeded by a mortal languor. On the seventy-fifth day her remains were deposited in the mausoleum of her father.

These instances of this barbarous and cruel custom are cited in White's "Three Years in Constantinople," but the writer can safely assert that it is still in force; and while he lived in Constantinople, the Hekim Bashi, or chief medical officer of the sultan, since dead, divulged to him a case in which he was called to procure abortion, one of the slaves of Abdul Aziz, while a prisoner and before he was called to the throne, being found to be pregnant. The Hekim Bashi told the sultan that upon being admitted to take his degree of M.D. he had sworn a solemn oath that he would never use his knowledge to procure abortion, and therefore humbly begged his Majesty to excuse him. The weak but gentle Abdul Mejid respected the doctor's oath, and called in a wise woman to perform the operation. During the long imprisonment of Abdul Aziz, abortion, or child-murder, always ensued on the occasion of any of his concubines threatening to found a nursery; but in spite of the vigilance of the sultan's emissaries the imperial prisoner contrived, on one occa-

sion, to secrete one of his children, a fine boy, whom he saved from destruction, and on his coming to the throne produced him to his court. This remarkable instance of an infraction of Turkish rules was not encouraging to the friends of civilization, for the new sultan endeavored to set aside the order of Moslem succession in favor of the son thus rescued from destruction. He appointed him commander-in-chief of the army, and chose his military commanders and his ministers mainly as they favored his revolutionary idea with regard to his son. For some years the country was threatened with civil war, which was only averted by the deposition and death of Abdul Aziz, when the real heir, his nephew, and son of the late Abdul Mejid, came to the throne, only to be deposed as mad. In the great events of the past few months this young prince has been lost sight of: he is probably now a close prisoner, if he has not been murdered, which is still more likely.

In mentioning eunuchs, which to this day are as much a part of a great man's establishment in Turkey as powdered-haired lackeys are in England, we may say a few words on the subject of slavery. This detestable institution is now mainly supported by Turkey, including Egypt and Persia. When Sultan Abdul Mejid required the help of France and England, when threatened with a Russian attack in 1854, he published a firman in which he declared, while surrounded by mutilated eunuchs, that "man is the most noble of all the creatures emanating from the hands of God; that he destined him to be happy, in graciously according him to be born free." The sultan was shocked to hear that certain persons in Circassia and Georgia were selling their children and other relatives into slavery, and even kidnapping other people's children, selling them like cattle and common merchandise. He determined to put an end to this blamable and abominable practice, and directed his minister to inflict severe punishment both upon the buyer and seller of human beings. At that time officers of the army were to our certain knowledge kidnapping boys and girls from the Georgian villages and trafficking in them, even while the English were in alliance with the Turks. Again, in January, 1857, in a firman addressed to the pasha of Egypt, and to the authorities throughout the Ottoman dominions, the sultan discovered that the measures respecting the prohibition of the negro slave-trade had been of no effect, and that "a great number of these slaves, during

the journey from their country to the coast, perish from the fatigues and hardships they are exposed to in the deserts; while the remainder, owing to their passage from warm to cold climates, become subject to pulmonary and other diseases, by which means most of them are cut off from the enjoyment of life at an early age." The most rigorous measures of suppression towards this unholy traffic were enjoined. Edhem Pasha, in a despatch addressed to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, dated January 29, 1857, solemnly pledged the Porte to the severest measures; and several years later Sir Henry Bulwer assured her Majesty's government that slavery was at an end throughout the sultan's dominions, though slaves, both black and white, negro and Circassian, were bought and sold in various parts of the city, notably at Suleymanyeh, on the north side of the Golden Horn, at Tophané, and at Koorkapoosi. True it is that by the pressure of the Western powers slaves are not now sold so openly as formerly: indeed, the Turks are compelled to adopt a little trickery in the commerce. The dealer, usually a Circassian, travels to his native country, where women are bought and sold as a matter of course. He chooses four young girls suitable for the market, and marries them; that is to say, he goes through the legal Moslem formula of marriage, keeping them virgins. He then takes them to Constantinople, and if he meets any Russian cruisers on the way, of course the officers cannot interfere between the man and his legitimate wives. Arrived at Constantinople, the dealer forthwith divorces his brides, and sells them for what they will fetch, which is usually a handsome price. After the conclusion of this commercial affair the *divorced* man takes another trip in search of more wives, and if he can manage three or four voyages during the year, he makes a very good living, all the while keeping well within the law. Many of the Circassians, now settled in the Christian provinces of Turkey, where they are nothing if not brigands, add to their illicit gains that of breeding children for sale. A traveller, provided he be Moslem, would have no more difficulty in picking up good bargains in human, any more than in horse flesh, among the Circassian villages, fathers and mothers being the sellers, for hard cash. Mr. Gallenga informs us that "young Shamyl, the son of the renowned Circassian hero, who lived as a guest at the Russian embassy, told me, as the most natural thing in the world, that at

one of these beauty shops (in Constantinople) he was offered a first-rate article, for which he was asked three hundred and fifty Turkish lire, and he offered one hundred and fifty lire, when the bargain broke down simply because the slave merchant did not allow the would-be purchaser to take the merchandise home with him for a week on trial."

As this author well remarks, "As a Turk cannot, owing to the peculiar institutions of Islam, hope to win an alien wife for love, he is content to get one or more for money." As a matter of fact, the Turks, who marry their children very young, usually prefer a slave wife for their sons. The writer was once spending the evening with a Turkish friend, a fair specimen of a good Turkish dignitary (and there are not a few naturally good ones). His friend, Mehemed Effendi, informed us that he was going to marry his younger brother, Reshid, to a young slave girl whom he was to acquire without purchase, through a piece of good luck. A friend and neighbor had an only son, and for this son the mother had purchased a child of ten, whom she had carefully educated to be his wife. Just as the boy reached the marriageable age of sixteen, and was about to be married, he died, and so the mother had taken a sort of antipathy to the girl, and offered her to Mehemed Effendi, for his young brother, who was sixteen. Our friend told us that it was considered an immense advantage to have no wife's relations to trouble one: he himself had only two wives, one a Moslem, the other a Greek, the latter keeping her religion. How he came by the Greek wife he never informed us: we suspect she was purchased from some miserably poor family, for there are Greek families in the quarters of Tatavola and elsewhere who are as ready to sell their daughters as the Circassians; but religious prejudice has so strong a hold on them, that they would usually prefer to sell their daughters to a Christian debauchee than to a good Turk for his wife. Our Turkish friend informed us that he was heartily tired of both his wives, and would rejoice if they died, as they were a great expense and trouble. He was, like all Turks that we have known, exceedingly fond of his children, and these were quite charming. A Turkish child is carefully educated in etiquette, and this is contrived to be instilled into their little minds without in any way affecting the buoyancy and gaiety of their young hearts. When you are shown into the salaamlık, or reception-room, the chil-

dren of the house, who have the free run of the male and female apartments under the age of eleven, come forward to receive the visitors, and kiss their hands in the most graceful fashion. They then take their seats on the *divan*, and behave like little men and women until dismissed by the father, when they will be heard romping in the next room, as boisterous as English schoolboys, but certainly gentler and better-behaved. The education of these children is exceedingly imperfect; they are taught to read and write, but few ever attain the art of reading with fluency, and still fewer of writing. Their moral conduct as to externals is carefully looked after, but gross and obscene language does not seem to be forbidden; and on festival days, or rather nights, in the *Ramazan*, an entertainment called *karagoz* is exhibited in the harems, which is of the most obscene character, and would not be tolerated by the police of any European city.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that Turkish women are shut up and imprisoned like birds in a cage. On the contrary, in some respects they have more liberty than European women. Few Europeans would quite like to hear that their wives and daughters were roaming over the city in a mask, and disguised in a costume which renders recognition impossible, yet such is the habit of Turkish women. From time immemorial their masters, by no means undervaluing female chastity, but, on the contrary, somewhat morbidly jealous on the point, have never trusted their wives, who too often are uncultured, purchased savages; and so, instead of educating their females, and cultivating their feelings of honor and chastity, have adopted a system of jealous etiquette and seclusion from the male sex. No woman can speak to any man but her husband, except veiled, and out of doors in the public streets, and on matters of business. Hence the women go out shopping carefully veiled and wearing the *feredjee*, a large cloak completely concealing the figure. The bazaars are of course full of Turkish women, and so are the Frank shops of Pera. From time to time a ferocious edict is issued by the sultan, ordering that no Turkish woman shall enter any shop in Pera, proving beyond doubt that there were reasons for the edict. A rigorous order in this respect is kept in Stamboul proper amongst the native Christians, for it is simply death for a *rayah* to intrigue with a Moslem woman. If, on such an event happening, any diplomatic

pressure is brought to bear on the government to mitigate the penalty of death, the male offender is nevertheless thrown into prison, and in all human probability he is never seen or heard of again: as for the poor woman, of course she disappears into the depths of the Bosphorus. Only the wealthy Turks can afford the luxury of eunuchs: the mass of the people have to do without these unfortunate guardians of female chastity, but it is rare to find any Turkish family, however humble, that has not a black woman slave. These are the maids-of-all-work, and considered necessities of life, for no Turkish family would allow a daughter to go to live out of her mother's house: the family would be disgraced by such a step. It is considered to the last degree disgraceful for the master of the house to be intimate with the black female slave, and although there is in the large cities quite a population of these, it is rare to see a mulatto. The external life of the Turks is remarkably decent and orderly. The purely Moslem quarters of Stamboul are comparatively clean, and free from disorder or license. Drunkenness, which is by no means a Moslem vice, is kept out of sight when it exists, and the sounds of riotous revelry are not heard either night or day. If any bachelor takes a house in a quarter, he is bound to have a wife or concubine, or be subject to remonstrance; and if any irregularity is detected in his conduct, the elders of the quarter force him to leave. Whenever a European has taken a house in a Moslem quarter, no matter how perfect his conduct may be, he at once becomes the object of disagreeable attentions on the part of his neighbors: his windows are surreptitiously broken, his garden is filled with the bodies of dead dogs and cats, and rubbish that can be handily thrown over his wall finds there a receptacle. He never appears at his door or window but he runs the risk of contact with pebbles or dirty water, and it is rare to find any one hardy enough to outlive the constant persecution to which he or his family are subject. No feelings of chivalry actuate the Turkish mind; his wife and daughters are even more liable to insult and injury than himself. In commercial dealings the Turk is decidedly more to be trusted than the Greek, and as the morality of these Levantine traders is indescribably low, we may go further and say that the truthfulness and honesty of many of the Turkish burghers are quite remarkable, independent of any comparison, but there is a great gulf between the

burgher tradesman and the pasha. No words can exaggerate the deep moral depravity of the governing class, the gentlemen of Turkey, the men of such charming manners who hospitably receive our travelling dukes and members of Parliament, who come away with the conviction that these viziers and pashas only want fair play to make of Turkey a paradise. To the initiated it is quite amusing to see how some gentlemen are gulled and bamboozled by these smooth-faced rogues, who talk so glibly, and with such an air of conviction, of progress and liberal measures, and how even in their ordinary social intercourse strangers are made fools of for the amusement of the neighbors and lackeys who are present. The etiquette of the most ordinary social meeting is elaborate, and a pasha delights in offering all sorts of petty slights to his European visitor, while he, all unconscious of the treatment he is undergoing, is charmed with the dignified and graceful manner of the false rogue who is entertaining him. More than once have we known a Turk detected and roughly exposed, when his abject penitence has been edifying. There is no hereditary aristocracy at Constantinople, though there are the remains of such in several parts of the empire, notably in Bosnia, Lazistan, and Kurdistan. The governing class in the metropolis is recruited in various ways; partly, no doubt, from the sons of pashas, but mainly from the horde of adventurers that crowd the capital. It would be a curious task to get a list of pashas, with their origin. As many, not to say most, of the matrons of Constantinople, including women of high social position, have been slave girls, so many of their husbands have been in early life slave boys, and there is moreover a curious resemblance between the histories of both that is far too revolting for further allusion. An episode in the dismal history of Scio will throw some light on the subject. Mr. Walsh says:—

But such was not the fate of other boys, who were reserved for a very dismal fate. Some were brought into harems, some were kept at infamous public places in Galata to which Turks resort, and some are even exposed in coffee-houses on the public road. A friend of mine at this time coming by land from Smyrna met one of them in a khan, who earnestly entreated him to kill him. He had been exposed to every surrifice and low Turk passing the road, and felt the misery and degradation so acutely that he could not survive it. Those whose fate was least severe were compelled to turn Mahomedans. Cir-

cumcision was performed on forty or fifty at once.

This quotation will illustrate much of what passes in Turkey. Many a pasha, known to fame throughout Europe, has been a good-looking slave boy, Circassian, Georgian, or Greek, condemned to a horrible moral depravity in his early youth, but having gained the favor of an influential pasha, has been put into an important position, and gradually or rapidly risen by his talents and cleverness. The Turks never hesitate to put a friend in a position of trust and confidence, whatever may have been his origin, nor do we for a moment mean to intimate that all careers or anything like all have so base a source; but too many have, and of that there can be no doubt.

Most pashas can read and write; some are learned, but these we imagine could be counted on the fingers of one hand; some can neither read nor write. The caimacam of a district south of the Balkans was found to have been the domestic servant of Midhat Pasha quite lately, and this, too, is one of the commonest origins of pashas. A Turkish pasha from such a source is not likely to know any but the rudiments of literature, but having ingratiated himself with his master, he is put in the way of making a career for himself, and by dint of presents and constant adoration of his powerful patron, he is always protected, and eventually may rise to the highest positions. The career of renegades is not usually a happy one, though some have been brilliantly successful. The most striking one of recent times that occurs to us is that of Omar Pasha. He was originally a subaltern officer in the Grenzer Guard of Croatia, but fled across the frontier and became a Moslem. For many years he had to suffer all sorts of bitter contumely and privations, but at last secured some powerful friends, and then began to rise. He undertook the punishment of Beder Khan Bey, the Koordish chief who massacred ten thousand Christians in the Tyari Mountains about 1845. Sir Stratford Canning compelled the Turks to punish the perpetrators of this crime, and as the Porte had not been encouraged by the Crimean War to believe themselves necessary to Europe, the Kurds were punished, and numerous captives restored to their homes. Omar Pasha next won laurels in the suppression of the revolt of the Bosnian beys in 1851-52, and lastly became Serdar-i-Ekrem, or commander-in-chief of the Turkish armies during the Crimean War, during which he cannot be

said to have much distinguished himself, nor yet to have suffered any great reverses. He showed no tactical talents whatever, but the allies came in to save him from the fate which has befallen his successors in the late Russo-Turkish war. In Bagdad and other places where he was sent as governor, Omar Pasha proved himself as cruel and corrupt as any Turkish pasha, which qualities were probably the secret of his social success. The most honest and upright of renegades that we ever encountered were those who were driven from their country on the suppression of the Hungarian revolution by the despotic conservative the czar Nicholas. Amongst these we may mention Feizi Pasha, who was chief of the staff during the blockade of Kars in 1855, and who was precisely in the same position in the siege of Kars in 1877. He is a brave and upright soldier, but evidently has not the qualities that push a man on in the service of the Porte. Another quality besides that of subsereny and corrupt pliancy has often proved successful in Turkey, and that is rigid Moslem piety, but this succeeds better in the country districts than in Constantinople. Mr. Consul Taylor, of Erzeroom, mentions a certain Sheikh Obeyd Ullah, near Van, who himself had murdered so many Christians, and destroyed so many churches, that even the government of the Porte was scandalized, and ordered his punishment. He nevertheless was not molested, and moreover entered Erzeroom in triumph, for the governor-general and his functionaries gave him a public reception, according him the honors due to a saint or demigod.

After all, the *fons et origo mali* in Turkey is the Established Church. The evils of a Church supported and favored by the government are sufficiently known in countries with less marked religious divisions: what must they be where but one religion is recognized as worthy of man, and where all dissenters, Ghiaours, or unbelievers, are only allowed to ransom their heads on payment of haratch, a special tax for that purpose; where the oath of a Christian cannot be taken in a Turkish court of justice; where such a burial certificate as the following was delivered by the *cadi* of Mardin to the relatives of a deceased Christian: "We certify to the priest of the Church of Mary that the impure, putrefied, stinking carcass of Saideh, damned this day, may be concealed under ground. El Said Mehemed Faizi. A. H. Rajil 2."

Instances of intolerance, even after death, occur, we admit, in our own coun-

try: the same spirit, though much chastened and kept in order by public opinion, breaks out from time to time in English rural parishes; but in this country we have at least a strong sense of decency, and above all a free expression of public opinion, with the protection of the law in extreme cases. In Turkey the dominant race have it all their own way, and apparently only an insignificant minority of this dominant race seem to disapprove of such outbreaks of fanaticism. A strong force ever ready to support the government in all contests with the hated Ghiaours exists in the *softas*, a body of young men brought up to be simultaneously lawyers and clergymen, for the two professions may be said to be united in Turkey, since all law is based upon the Koran. Education in Turkey, as in England, is divided into the primary or elementary classes, and the higher courses, similar to our university education. Attached to every mosque throughout the empire is a *mekteb*, or village school, and here reading and writing are taught, together with portions of the Koran which are learned by heart. Those of the pupils who are intended for liberal professions are removed to the *medresses*, where they pursue a laborious system of antiquated study, comprising rhetoric, logic, philosophy, dogma, jurisprudence, astronomy, etc. These students are *softas*, most of whom are enrolled in the corps of *ulemas*, and eventually become *cadis* and *mollahs*. They are educated and lodged and have one meal daily at the expense of the *wakoof*, or religious foundation. These *medresses* resemble much our own ancient universities in their religious exclusiveness, and the conservative character of the studies. The students, however, unlike those of most Continental cities, are intensely conservative and fanatical, looking on Church and State as the divinely ordained state of things, and ready to fight all enemies, domestic or foreign, in defence of this shibboleth. The idea that outsiders, Ghiaours, Kaffirs, or dissenters, have any human rights, is revolting to the *softa* mind. Unlike the members of our universities, the *softas* or students are usually very poor. It is incredible what amount of self-denial these poor fellows undergo in pursuit of knowledge: they have been found at times not far from death through physical exhaustion from want of food. The *softas* are usually heard of in times of political excitement, and seem to have, in a measure, taken the place of the Janissaries. Mr. Gallenga,

who was in Constantinople as the *Times* correspondent during the exciting days of 1876, thus speaks of the softas : —

The 11th of May raised the softas to the height of popularity. Their movement, it is said, was a peaceful one, though they had bought so many revolvers. It had a political and not a religious character, though the softas are "divinity and law students of a superior class" in a community where divinity and law are one and the same thing, and though they obey the influence of the ulemas—divinity doctors—whose exclusive rule is the Koran. Led by priests, these priestlings, we are told, had held meetings in the mosques. Their deputations delivered into the sultan's hands petitions, which, backed by their imposing processions at the head of a wondering multitude, had acted on the abject fears of a craven monarch with sufficient power to work out the desired effect. The men who had been planning and were now accomplishing the revolution, the men who had aspired to power and were now grasping it—the pashas, the Midhats, Hussein Avnis, and their friends—well knew what instruments the softas could become in their hands. They looked upon the support of the army as insufficient, and they could not reckon on that of the utterly demoralized and helpless people. After the fall of the Janissaries, the pashas reasoned, there was no power in the country to equal that of the softas. Arbitrary political rule was based here on blind religious submission. The vices of the State had their roots in the corruption of the Church. The despot was inviolable because he was invested with the character of an infallible pontiff. The disorder admitted only of one treatment. The antidote must be sought where the poison lay. The enslavement of the people was the result of the perversion of Koran truth. But they, the softas, were the interpreters of the Koran.

At the commencement of the Crimean War, before the Western allies had come forward, the softas were very troublesome to the authorities by their fanatic impatience to fight the Ghiaours. Numbers of them, it was said, were put under arrest by the authorities and sent off to the army, and some were cast into prison. These latter were undoubtedly most to be pitied. The condition of the Turkish prison is indescribably bad. A Turkish prison usually consists of one or more large rooms, hot in summer and cold in winter. A long wooden construction almost two feet high runs along the wall, and on this the prisoners lie. They are of all sorts, young and old, and have perfect liberty to talk, smoke, sing, or even play on the little musical instruments which some bring with them. The younger and weaker ones

are bullied by the stronger ruffians. The food depends much upon the honesty or humanity of the jailers, or the pasha at the head of the department, and the ventilation and cleanliness leave much to be desired. We have described the ordinary lock up, but for some offenders, such as Bulgarian peasants, there are worse places, of which the following is a description :—

I went down below the level of the paved court, and was confronted by a massive door fastened by a ponderous iron bar. The door was opened. I went in, and found myself in a large crypt entirely destitute of any skylight, loophole, or any cleft or fissure through which, the door being closed, either outer air or daylight could be admitted. The thick walls all round were damp and mouldy, and the floor was bare earth, muddy and foul beyond imagination. There was no stretcher or board or pallet for a bed, no stool, no table, no article of furniture or utensil of any kind. The wretched man lay on a thin piece of matting, all wet, all torn to shreds, and had nothing besides to relieve his absolute, intense misery.

Cassape, a journalist and man of letters, was thrown into one of these dungeons, but at the end of three days he was removed to one of the upper prisons, as he was on the point of dying. The worst feature in the prison question is the fact that people are arrested and thrown into these places at the arbitrary will of a great man, and too often from personal vindictiveness, and there may lie untried and apparently forgotten. We remember on one occasion when a new minister came into power, and with the proverbial zeal of new functionaries he inspected the prisons, he found an unfortunate man who had been in prison for years. On examining him, he found he had been arrested one night in the streets for being found without a lantern—the streets being unlighted, every person is bound to provide himself with a lantern—and so he was put into prison and there left, his case never being inquired into.

One of the first of curiosities that strikes the eyes of strangers arriving at Constantinople, or indeed at any Eastern city, is the number of ownerless dogs in the streets. The stranger usually lands at Tophané, and here is a huge mound or dunghill, the accumulation of refuse which is thrown here, and part of which rolls into the tide of the Bosphorus. The organic matter on this heap naturally attracts the dogs. They are a listless, sleepy race of animals during the day, but in the night they are more lively, and it is

said that at times they are dangerous. They are of various forms and appearance, owing to the crossing at times of domesticated animals, but the genuine type is that of a foxy-looking animal, of a reddish hue, with a sharp nose and prick ears, almost the size of a small colley dog. They are sometimes called wild dogs, which is scarcely an accurate description, as they are thoroughly domesticated amongst men, though they have no owners. They are of a certain use as scavengers, though this office is performed by them in a perfunctory manner; for the writer has observed that as long as they can obtain the offal from houses, broken bread, meat, and the like, they will not touch dead animals that the Turks allow to lie in the streets. These carcasses are usually dragged to the Bosphorus and thrown into the water. There is a distinct and remarkable organization in the dog community. They have their separate quarters, and it is death to stray into another quarter.

The writer once made acquaintance with a mild-faced animal that lived in the same street, which was easily done, as these animals are always eager to attach themselves to any individual whom they recognize as having seen more than once, and a bit of bread or even a caress will at once win the heart of one of them. This poor dog used to greet our appearance with the liveliest expressions of canine attachment, and he would follow us to the end of the street. There he stopped, wagging his tail, and looking wistfully and lovingly, but no persuasion could induce him to break the canine municipal law: slowly and sadly he returned to his haunt, a sort of hollow beneath a doorstep.

The Turks are compassionate to these dogs, the Christians cruel: the latter consider them a nuisance, and persecute them with blows, scalding water, and poison, and some Christian quarters, notably Pera and Galata, have pretty well rid themselves of these creatures. The Turks gather together the leavings of their houses and throw them into the street, where they are quickly disposed of; but a good Moslem will never touch a dog, as it is an unclean animal. It is quite touching to see the affectionate invitations of a Turkish shepherd dog to be caressed by his master: he will throw himself at his feet, whine, and roll in the dust, but his master merely answers *usht*—begone—which he accompanies with a kick of the foot. To Europeans these street dogs are decidedly a nuisance. All night long they trouble

the repose of the wakeful, not by continued barking, but what is much worse, by sudden outbreaks of barking and howling every quarter or half hour. If a stranger passes through the street after dark he is liable to be severely bitten. This liability is not extended to the main thoroughfares, where the animals are accustomed to much night traffic, but it is quite dangerous to venture into unfrequented streets and quarters. Mr. White says of these dogs:

Friendless, houseless, and maltreated, exposed to all the vicissitudes of temperature, feeding upon the foulest and most putrescent matter, sometimes starving, sometimes gorged, constantly fighting and wrangling, bruised and maimed, the natural result, one might imagine, would be a tendency to hydrophobia. Yet, although cases of this kind have been known, they are extremely rare. It is difficult to account for this phenomenon. It would appear, then, as if constant exposure to cold, heat, rain, and snow, were in itself a preventive; and that meagre diet, combined with unrestrained liberty and communication of the sexes, are more efficient antidotes than regular food and shelter. It is possible also that the breed of dogs is more primitive, and less tender or susceptible to organic derangement than more pure and artificial bred races.

We ourselves are not disposed to admit any of these as the real cause of this remarkable exemption, but we adopt fully an old Turkish reason which assigns to the dogs themselves, *i.e.*, to their municipal government, the stamping out of the malady. When a dog becomes snappish and odd in his behavior he is simply torn to pieces by the executioners of the quarter, and thus the disease is stamped out. The beginnings of this dire disease are more likely to be observed by the dog neighbors than by the master men, and energetic measures more likely to be adopted.

Turkey is the paradise of wild animals, as the Turks usually are not sportsmen. The waters of the Golden Horn are alive with beautiful seagulls, whose snowy plumage contrasts with the azure blue of the waters: these birds scarcely deign to get out of the way of the boatman's oars, so tame are they. In the midst of the water traffic, too, are often seen shoals of porpoises, which rise to breathe in the midst of the boats and boatmen, no one molesting them. On the southern shore of the Golden Horn, near Oon Kapoo Gate, the flocks of pigeons are enormous, which crowd upon the heaps of corn lying in the barges and elsewhere; and are unmolested. The gardens, full of cypress and almond trees, of the great houses

in the midst of Stamboul proper, abound with turtle-doves and other birds, which fill the air with their gentle murmurs. When in course of time a Turkish quarter is changed to a Christian one, these birds at once fall a victim to small shot. On the Bosphorus itself are flocks of a peculiar black and white bird, which flit incessantly up and down the straits. These have the popular name of "damned souls," the common superstition being that they are the souls of sinners condemned to perpetual unrest. They seem never to alight, and it is a popular mystery how they feed and where they rest. The result of some special observation on our part proved that these birds, a large species of petrel, feed on a minute kind of crustacean mollusk, which they find in certain parts of the Bosphorus. They are provided with gizzards, to grind the shells, and the birds doubtless roost on the rocks at the entrance of the Bosphorus, like the gulls. We have seen them floating on the surface of the Bosphorus at times, but rarely; they are almost always seen on the wing, hence the superstition.

The Turks are usually considered barbarous, and surely they are so in many respects: in their brutal cruelty to their fellow-creatures; in their utter absence of chivalry during war, when their conduct is not a whit above that of the redskins of America; in their treatment of women; in their barter of slaves; in the dirt and tumble-down appearance of their towns and cities; and, above all, in their corrupt and inefficient method of administration. But, on the other hand, they have certain civilized habits in which they are decidedly above all Europeans. The houses of the ordinary citizens are decidedly cleaner, and in some respects enjoy a better organization. No Turk will enter a sitting-room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight-fitting fine shoes termed *mests*, and over these, *galoshes*. On entering a house the latter are laid aside at the door, and so the visitor treads on the carpet without bringing into the dwelling-house a mass of impurity. The Turk never washes in dirty water, like a European: water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it is cast away, and not poured again over the hands and face. Certain conveniences in a Turkish house are always decent and cleanly, forming in this respect a marvellous contrast to those of most European countries: moreover, near every mosque are to be found these aids to health and decency, giving in this respect a lesson to England especially.

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The code of etiquette is too elaborate and embarrassing, which is not exactly a mark of civilization. When Araucanians meet, the inquiries, felicitations, and condolences which custom demands are so elaborate, that the formality occupies ten or fifteen minutes. "We were particularly struck with the punctiliousness of manners shown by the Balonda," says Livingstone; and in our own intercourse with the nomad tribes of Mesopotamia and of Kurdistan we found the etiquette quite embarrassing. The entire absence of duelling might be scored to the credit of the Turks, did they not too often substitute the poisoned coffee-cup.

In literature (with the exception perhaps of divinity) the Turks are far below all European and most Asiatic races, while their knowledge of natural science may be said to be *nil*, excepting in the case of certain individuals destined for medicine and military engineering, whose education is European.

Some one has observed that the mode of feeding is a great mark of a nation's culture. When it is understood that the Turks use neither knives nor forks, many would at once rank them with other barbarians, but this would scarcely be just. Although food of all kinds, excepting soup, is carried to the mouth without any instruments but those which nature has supplied, still in other respects Turkish meals are conducted in a mode both cleanly and decent. A Turk on rising from his bed (which consists of mattresses laid on the floor and afterwards rolled up in a cupboard) indulges in a pipe and a tiny cup of black coffee. He does not eat until about eleven o'clock, when a somewhat substantial breakfast is brought him, consisting of soup, bread, cheese, and a plate of hashed meat mixed with vegetables. This meal serves him till dinner, which is eaten about seven in the evening, and is substantial and well cooked. When dinner is announced, a servant brings in a metal ewer and basin, and pours water over the hands of the guests, presenting a towel, often prettily embroidered. A low *sofra*, or table, is then brought in, and upon this is placed a metal tray, on which are put spoons and pieces of bread. The first dish is a basin of soup, and each person dips his spoon into it, eating from what may be termed the soup-tureen. After this comes perhaps fish, then hashed meat and vegetables, then fowl, cooked so as to render its division easy. According to the wealth of the master of the house is the length of the feast, but in very moderate

Turkish houses the dinners are somewhat elaborate, and they always end with pilaff, the national dish, much more national than either the roast beef or plum-pudding of the English, and as common as the macaroni of Naples. No wine is drunk during or after the repast; but on state occasions, as for example during the feast of Ramadan, some very delicious sherbets are handed round. The gala dinners of the Turks often afford examples of sweets and pastry that would not disgrace a French or Italian confectioner, so that in matters of cooking, if not in eating, the Turks may be acquitted of barbarism. We must not forget to add that at the close of the dinner the servant comes round again with soap, water, and towels, the water being often warm and scented. Coffee and pipes follow the dinner, with conversation, and the guests seem not unhappy but marvellously dull during the joyless evenings passed without the gentle and refining influence of the best part of creation. After all we come to the question — "What is civilization?" which will be variously answered by our readers. If luxury, cleanliness, and gentle manners combined, form civilization, then the Turks are highly civilized. If diabolical cruelty, the indulgence of obscene and unnatural passions, ignorance of science and the actual state of the world, constitute barbarism, then are these people barbarous. They have at least proved to the world that they are deficient in statesmanship, since their system of government is little else than an organization of brigandage, under which life, honor, and the property of millions are at the mercy of ruffians in the service of the government; while at not unfrequent periods some horrible massacre startles the world, and proves that the proverbial character of the Turk is still unchanged after centuries of contact with Europe.

There are abundance of both mosques and churches at Constantinople. A stranger would have no difficulty in finding the former, which are conspicuous all over the city, but it requires some ingenuity to find the latter. They are hidden in holes and corners, and are made as unobtrusive as possible, just like the old Quaker meeting-houses and Nonconformist chapels built two hundred years ago, when religious intolerance in England almost equalled that of Turkey. All mosques have revenues amply sufficient for keeping them in repair. No demands in the shape of tithes, collections, or entrance money are ever made from the faithful; but if Europeans wish to visit these places they pay very highly,

and are obliged to take with them a guard to protect them from the fanaticism of the population, and even then, as in an instance recorded by Mr. Gallenga, they run some risk. The clergy of a first-class mosque such as that at Sofia consist of, 1st, a sheikh, or dean, whose duty it is to preach a sermon after midday prayer on Fridays, and whose rank may be described as episcopal; 2nd, of two or more khatibs, who recite the khoutba, or prayer for the Prophet and sultan; 3rd, of four imaums, who alternately recite the five namaz; 4th, of from twelve to twenty muezzin, who call to prayers from the minarets, and also chant during namaz from the gallery in the chancel, — the voices of many of these men are quite musical, and when heard from the minarets at sunset, there are few greater treats to the lovers of vocal music; 5th, of some fifteen to twenty kayims, who are the working servants of the mosques, engaged in sweeping, lighting, guarding, etc. The mosques in Constantinople are divided into three classes, called *jamy-y-salatinn* (imperial places of worship), which are mosques built by sultans and the mothers of sultans; secondly, *jamy* (places of assembly), built by mothers of sultans during their husbands' lives, by sultans' daughters or sisters, or by other great personages; of these there are two hundred and twenty-seven; thirdly, the common mejid, of which there are about three hundred. White, who gives us this information, adds: —

The annual revenues arising from the different imperial wakoofs (mosque endowments) being more than triple the expenses required for each mosque, the increase of property by accumulation is great, and would be still greater were it not for malversation and speculation on one side, and the necessities of successive governments, or rather of successive sovereigns, on the other. There being no power higher than that of the imperial nazir, and the books and treasure being kept within the seraglio, both are at the disposal of the sultan.

There has of late been expressed much astonishment at the money produced for the purchase of material of war by a bankrupt nation — vast cargoes of arms from America have been paid for in solid cash. The Russians have ignorantly supposed that our ministry could dispose of funds unknown to the nation, and that English gold was poured into the coffers of the sultan, but we have often pointed out the wakoof as the origin of the money. In a battle for life and death the ulemas would

bring forth the treasures of the mosques, with which to combat the infidels; for all war is a holy war, provided the enemy is not a Moslem power, and the Moslem priesthood would joyfully bear considerable sacrifices for such a cause.

For nearly a hundred years after the conquest of Constantinople the Christians retained several fine churches, though the magnificent cathedral of St. Sophia had from the first been devoted to Moslem uses; but during the bloody reign of Selim I. (about 1520) the sultan formed a grand scheme for the conversion of his heretical subjects. After a huge massacre of the Moslem sect of Shiis, he resolved forcibly to convert his Christian subjects and turn their churches into mosques. In order to fortify his conscience he put before the grand mufti, the head of the law, the question, "Which is the more meritorious, to conquer the whole world, or to convert the nations to Islam?" The mufti unhesitatingly answered that the conversion of the world was the more meritorious. The sultan having obtained this official opinion in the form of a fetva, ordered the grand vizier to change all the churches into mosques, to forbid the practice of the Christian religion, and to offer the alternative of the sword or the Koran to all Christians. The grand vizier, aghast at the decree, procured for the Greek patriarch an audience before the Divan at Adrianople. He strongly appealed to the pledges given by Mahomet the conqueror when Constantinople was taken by assault, invoking certain passages in the Koran which forbid compulsory conversion. The sultan yielded so far as to spare the lives of the Christians, but all the best churches were converted into mosques.

By far the most magnificent mosque in the world is that of St. Sophia, once the most glorious of Christian temples. The vast dome is one of the wonders of the world. Concealed beneath the whitewash, with which the Turks have covered the interior, are various beautiful vestiges of its Christian origin, which in all human probability will some day be uncovered to delight a Greek congregation.

Did space permit we might endeavor to describe the exquisite scenery of the narrow channel called the Bosphorus, whose banks are lined with the summer houses of the citizens, and which opens into the Black Sea. This channel is fifteen miles long. We might describe the interminable labyrinths of arched passages called the *tcharshis*, or bazaars, where every com-

ceivable kind of goods are sold, for as a rule Stamboul contains no shops, all the goods being sold in these centres of traffic. Then we might dilate upon the various races of Europeans and Asiatics which crowd the streets, and offer to the curious eye a greater diversity of costume than is to be found in any other city in the world. But we must be content with the imperfect sketch we have given to the reader, only venturing to add the hope that a new era is dawning on this interesting city, and that it will soon become the abode of civilization and enlightenment, having ceased to be the lair of Asiatic tyrants.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
COUNT WALDEMAR.

I.

It was in Homburg that I first met him. I had finished the noonday breakfast which I always take at the Cursaal, and was sitting on the terrace in front of that establishment, smoking the one morning cigar allowed me by my doctor, and contemplating with indolent satisfaction the sunny gardens before me and all the soft lights and shades that lay upon the distant woods, when he came clattering down the steps of the restaurant in his tight blue hussar uniform, his Hessian boots, and flat forage-cap, and pulling up suddenly within a few paces of my chair, began to slap his breast and rummage in his scanty coat-tail pockets in search of something which was evidently not to be found there. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with clear blue eyes and a fair moustache, a young fellow of a type by no means uncommon in the German army; but something — I don't know whether it was his size, or his good looks, or a prophetic instinct — attracted my attention to him at once. A slight cloud overspread his features as he realized the futility of his search, and for a moment or two he seemed uncertain what to do next; but presently, becoming aware of the scrutiny of an elderly Englishman of benevolent aspect, he cheered up, as with a sudden inspiration, and approaching me in a couple of strides, raised his right hand to the side of his cap, bowed very low from the waist, and gratified me with one of the brightest smiles I had ever seen upon a human countenance.

"I have done a most stupid thing," said he, speaking with a strong German accent, but without hesitation or a shadow of

embarrassment; "I have left my *Cigarren-stui* at the hotel. Dare I give myself the liberty to ask if you have a cigar to spare in your pocket?"

Of course I handed him my case without further ado. I suppose that no man living could be churl enough to refuse such a request; but I was amused by it nevertheless; for it was one that an Englishman would have died rather than address to a total stranger; and indeed the article required was to be purchased close at hand in the *Cursaal* restaurant, where my esteemed friend M. Chevet keeps some of the choicest brands.

The young officer, however, had his reasons for not choosing to avail himself of this convenient proximity, and disclosed them with engaging candor, after taking a light from me.

"Now this is a very goot cigar," he was kind enough to remark, seating himself astride upon an iron chair. "If I would buy such a one by Chevet, I would have to pay a mark for him. One mark—yes, that is what they have asked me last night—it is unheard of! For you Englishmen, who pay without bargaining, that is very well; but we Germans" (*Chairmans* he pronounced it) "are not such fool—I mean, we know better what is the fair price."

His ease of manner was simply inimitable; I have never seen anything like it before or since. It arose, I imagine, from that unsuspecting good-will towards the world at large which makes children who are not afflicted with shyness such charming companions. I was delighted with him. He chatted away so pleasantly and amusingly for a quarter of an hour that I was quite sorry when a formidable posse of comrades in arms—dragoons, uhlands, hussars, and I know not what other specimens of the imperial German cavalry—came clanking along the terrace, and carried him off with them. Before this he had given me his card, which bore the name of Count Waldemar von Ravensburg; had informed me that he held a lieutenant's commission in a Würtemberg hussar regiment, and was in Homburg for the purpose of riding in some proposed military steeplechases; and had strongly advised me to dine that evening at the Hessischer Hof, where he said I should get good German fare, greatly superior to the spurious French cooking of the more fashionable hotels.

"I shall be dining there myself, mit all my friends," he added, by way of final inducement.

Under ordinary circumstances such a consideration as this would have sufficed of itself to drive me elsewhere in search of my evening sustenance; for sincerely as I appreciate the many amiable social qualities of German officers, I know what these gentlemen are when a number of them get together, and I am fond neither of being deafened nor of having to bellow like a skipper in a gale of wind, in order to make my own remarks audible. But I had taken such a fancy to Count Waldemar, he struck me as so genial and original a type of fellow-creature, that I was loth to lose any opportunity of prosecuting my acquaintance with him; and accordingly the dinner-hour (half past five) found me at the door of the little Hessischer Hof.

A most cacophonous din burst upon my ears, as I entered, from an assemblage of spurred and uniformed warriors, who, as the manner of their nation is, were exchanging civilities in accents suggestive of furious indignation. My young hussar detached himself from the group, greeted me with the warmth of an old friend, and presented me to each of his comrades in turn.

"Meestr Cleefford—Herr von Blechow, Herr von Rochow, Herr von Katsow, Herr von Wallwitz, Herr von Zedlitz, Herr von Zezschwitz," etc., etc. Perhaps these were not their names: indeed, now I come to think of it, I believe they ran into considerably more syllables; but it does not much matter. They were all very polite, and indeed were as pleasant and jovial a set of youths as one could wish to meet. During dinner the conversation turned chiefly upon races and steeplechases, giving opportunity for many thrilling anecdotes, and with our dessert we had some sweet champagne, over which we grew very merry and noisy.

When it was all over, Count Waldemar hooked his arm within mine, and in this familiar fashion we strolled out into the street, where (for it was early in August) broad daylight still reigned, and slant sun-rays from the west streamed upon the long row of yellow droschkes with their patient, net-covered horses, upon the shiny hats of the drivers, upon the trim orange-trees in their green tubs, and upon the distinguished visitors—English almost exclusively—who, by twos and threes, were slowly wending their way towards the terrace, where the band would soon strike up. Gusts of cool, fresh air were sweeping down from the blue Taunus range, setting the little flags upon the *Cursaal* fluttering, and banging a shutter

here and there. Imagine to yourself a stalwart young hussar, moving with that modicum of swagger from which no cavalry man that ever lived is quite free, and which very tight clothes render to some extent compulsory upon their wearer; imagine, arm-in-arm with him, an Englishman of something under middle height and something over middle age, clad in a grey frock-coat and trousers and tall white hat, and you will have before your mind's eye a picture which, I grieve to think, is not wholly wanting in elements of the ridiculous.

I have reason to believe that the droschke-drivers saw it in this light; I fear that my compatriots did; I know that I did myself. But I am perfectly sure that the excellent Count Waldemar was not only free from the faintest suspicion that our appearance could provoke a smile, but that he never could have been brought to understand in the least why it should do so. No one could laugh louder or longer than he, upon occasion; but then he must have something to laugh at; and it would have been impossible to convince him that there could be any joke in the simple fact of two gentlemen walking together arm-in-arm. He was in all things the most completely unselfconscious mortal I have ever known.

For my own part, I am not ashamed to confess—or rather I *am* ashamed, but do confess—that the notion of being promenaded up and down the terrace, under the eyes of all my friends and acquaintances, by this long-legged and rather loud-voiced young officer alarmed me so much that I was fain to insist upon leading him down one of the more secluded alleys. He did not want to walk that way; he said we should neither hear the music nor see the people there; but I pointed out to him that it would be impossible for me to give my whole attention to his conversation in a crowd; and so, being a most good-natured soul, he yielded, and went on chatting about Stuttgart, and his regiment, and his brother officers, and his horses, in all of which subjects he seemed to think that I must be greatly interested. And so indeed I was—or, at least, in his treatment of them.

Just as we reached the point where the Untere Promenade crosses the Cursaal gardens we were met by a party of English people—an old lady, three young ones, and a couple of men carrying shawls—who came up the steps talking and laughing, and passed on towards the band. I should not have noticed them particu-

larly had not a sudden convulsive jerk of my captive arm made me aware that my companion had some reason for feeling moved by their vicinity. The manner in which he paused, and, gazing after them, profoundly sighed, would have sufficiently revealed the nature of that reason, even if he had intended to conceal it—which of course he did not.

"Now I shall tell you something," said he, with an air of confidential candor all his own. "The lady you see there—the tall one who is walking alone—it is she whom I mean to make my wife."

"Indeed?" I answered. "I am sorry, then, that I did not look at her more closely. May I venture to ask her name?"

"Ah, diess I cannot just tell you. But it begins mit an S—that I know; for I have seen the monogram upon her fan."

"Your love affair is not very far advanced then?"

"Advanced? no; it is not yet commenced; but that is no matter. I have three whole days more to spend here, and in three days one may do much. Oh, and we do not see one another now for the first time. Last summer we have met in a bath."

"In a bath?" I echoed, rather startled.

"You do not say bath—no? Well, in a watering-place. It is true that I have not been able to make myself acquaint mit her; but my eyes have spoken. I think she has perhaps understood. And now I was thinking at dinner that *you* might present me."

"To the lady? My dear sir, I should like nothing better; but unfortunately I never saw her before in my life."

"*Versteht sich!* That is no difficulty. You are English—she is English; you have friends here who will certainly know her."

I interrupted my impetuous companion by observing that he was evidently under some misapprehension as to the social relations of the English abroad. Even upon the doubtful supposition that the unknown lady and I had some common acquaintance in Homburg, it by no means followed that I could venture to request an introduction to her for myself—still less for a friend.

"Besides," I added, "all sorts of people travel nowadays: this lady may be a duchess, or she may be a tailor's daughter. In the first case, you see, she would probably decline to have anything to say to me; and in the second I should not particularly care about knowing her."

He appeared to be rather surprised than

shaken by these objections. For a few seconds he contemplated me wonderingly, stroking his moustache, and murmuring, "What a pitee!" but his self-confidence was not long in returning to him.

"Never mind!" he resumed cheerfully; "we must make the attempt—that can do no harm. You will try to make yourself presented to her to-night, and if you succeed, you will present me to-morrow morning."

I don't think it struck him for a moment that there was anything cool in this proposal. He uttered it in the most matter-of-fact tone in the world, patted me encouragingly on the shoulder, and then, remarking that Herr von Wallwitz would be waiting for him, said he would leave me to accomplish my mission. I afterwards found that he was in the habit of issuing his behests in this calm manner, and that, somehow or other, they were generally obeyed.

Whether it was owing to the power of Count Waldemar's reliance upon human friendliness, or to the pliancy of my own nature, which has led me into many a scrape first and last, I can't say; but certain it is that in this instance he gained his point. For, as chance would have it, the very first person whom I met on returning to the terrace, where the lamps were now lighted, and where the fashionable world of Homburg was gossiping, flirting, and promenading to the accompaniment of an excellent band, was little Tommy Tufnell, who knows, or says he knows, everybody from the Prince of Wales downwards; and as, immediately after this encounter, I happened to espy the fair unknown sitting in the midst of a circle of friends, I took the opportunity to ask my companion whether he could give me any information about her, at the same time expressing a careless wish to make her acquaintance. Tommy, of course, knew her perfectly well—most intimately, in fact—had known her people all his life. "She was a Miss Grey—Warwickshire Greys, you know," he observed explanatorily. He further informed me that she was a widow, and that her present name was Seymour. "Married poor Jack Seymour of the 25th Hussars," he continued. "You remember Jack, of course. No? Ah, well, he was a baddish lot, poor fellow. Broke his neck out hunting—just as well perhaps. Had D.T. twice, and was not over and above kind to his wife, I'm afraid. She is here with her aunt, Mrs. Grey, and her cousins—charming people. Come along, and I'll introduce you. Upon my word, Clifford, you

old fellows, when you get away from your wives, and come abroad on the loose, there's no end to the games you're up to! All safe with me, you know.—sha'n't say anything about it to Mrs. Clifford," adds the facetious Tommy, wagging his head and nudging me after a favorite fashion of his, which I am quite sure he would abandon if he only knew how very much I dislike it.

Presently I was making my best bow before the little group of ladies above mentioned. The two young men whom I had seen entering the gardens with them stopped talking and stared, evidently wondering what the deuce this tiresome old fogey wanted; but as I showed no disposition to interrupt their respective flirtations with the pretty Miss Greys, they soon began to whisper again, and ceased to notice me. Tufnell obligingly engaged Mrs. Grey, a stout, good-humored looking old person, in an animated discussion as to the effect of the Homburg waters upon suppressed gout; and Mrs. Seymour withdrew a corner of her dress from a chair which stood conveniently at her side. I availed myself of the tacit permission thus conveyed, and dropped into it, profiting by the light of an adjacent gas-lamp to survey at my leisure the lady who had made so facile a conquest of Count Waldemar.

I saw a slim, but well-proportioned figure, clad in a handsome silk dress, the cut of which, even to my masculine eyes, betrayed the hand of an artist—a face neither beautiful nor plain, surmounted by a profusion of little fair curls, arranged, according to the fashion of the day, so as to conceal the forehead, a picturesque hat, a pair of diamond solitaire earrings—upon the whole a person completely unremarkable, but at the same time (to use an adjective which I abhor, but cannot replace), decidedly stylish. Why any one should have fallen in love with Mrs. Seymour at first sight it was not very easy to understand, though taking her altogether, she made a favorable impression upon me. She had a frank, pleasant smile and clear grey eyes, and talked away agreeably enough, in an easy, conventional way, about Homburg, about the recent Goodwood meeting, the latest scandal, and what not. In short she was so exactly like everybody else that I had no hesitation in crediting her with just so much of good nature, common sense, selfishness, and solid principle as are required to make up a well-balanced character, nor any doubt but that she would be quite the last woman in the

world to marry a scatterbrained German hussar, after a courtship of three days' duration.

She bowed or nodded to so many of the passers-by, during the time that I was sitting beside her, that I formed a shrewd guess that, among the many obstacles which seemed to lie in the path of my audacious young friend, that most formidable one of wealth was not likely to be wanting. Later in the evening I again came across Tommy Tufnell in the Cur-saal, whither I had repaired to have a look at the young people dancing before I went to bed, and I took occasion to question him upon this point.

"Oh, yes, she is very well off," answered Tommy carelessly; "that is, comfortably off, you know—three or four thousand a year, or something like that, I should think, and no children. It would have been more if poor Seymour had gone over to the majority a little sooner. He always lived beyond his income, and latterly he lost rather heavily on the turf."

Mentally summing up, as I walked home, all that I had heard and seen of Mrs. Seymour, I came to the conclusion that to introduce Count Waldemar to her would be merely to cause disappointment to him, annoyance to her, and inconvenience to myself; and I therefore determined that I would do nothing of the sort. Had I been a little better acquainted with the young Würtemberger, I should not have made this resolution; for I subsequently discovered him to be one of those people who invariably get their own way, whereas I, for some occult reason, seldom or never get mine.

When I went down to the springs at half past seven the next morning, in obedience to the rule laid down for me by my doctor, whom should I see approaching the Elisabethen-Brunnen but Mrs. Seymour. She looked very nice and fresh in her cotton dress, and saluted me with a friendly nod and smile. Side by side we drained our bitter draught, and then, as neither of us was provided with a companion, we could not well help turning away to go through the prescribed twenty minutes of moderate exercise together. We took our way down the shady avenue so familiar to Englishmen, while the morning sun streamed through the leaves over our heads, throwing long blue shadows from the trees across the dewy grass of the park, while the throng of water-drinkers tramped steadily up and down, and the bandmen in their kiosk scraped and tooted away as merrily as if they really en-

joyed making melody at that unnatural hour. Half London met or passed us as we walked. Peers and tradesmen, judges and generals, members of Parliament and members of the stock exchange, they plodded on—they, their wives and their daughters—a queer miscellany of Anglo-Saxon samples, without a single German; barring H. S. H. the Grand Duke of Hal-backer, among them. I had just pointed out this remarkable circumstance to my fair companion when a sudden grip of my left arm above the elbow warned me that I had spoken too hastily. Here, sure enough, was a German, and one who had no notion of being ignored either.

"Goot morning!" he cried cheerily. "Now this is a very fortunate thing, that I just happen to meet you."

I was not quite so sure of that; but I answered him civilly, and he hooked himself on to me without any ceremony. I resumed my conversation with Mrs. Seymour, and after we had progressed a few yards, Count Waldemar began poking me with his elbow in a way which I understood, but did not choose to notice. Finding these gentle hints of no avail, he followed them up presently by such a tremendous blow in my ribs that I positively staggered under it. I looked up at him reproachfully, shook my head, and tried to form with my lips the words, "Can't be done. Will explain afterwards." But it was no good.

"I hear not one wort von wass you say," was his response, delivered in stentorian tones; after which he continued, without lowering his voice in the least, "Will you not do me the honor to present me to madame?"

What could I do?

"Mrs. Seymour, will you allow me to introduce Count Waldemar von Ravensburg," says I, perhaps a little sulkily; and I noticed that a mischievous gleam of amusement swept across the lady's face as she returned Count Waldemar's profound bow. No doubt he had been making eyes at her with that thoroughness of purpose which distinguished his every deed.

Now that I had acted contrary to my better judgment, and done what was required of me, it obviously remained only that I should take myself off; and indeed it was time for my second glass of water. So, when we had reached the Elisabethen-Brunnen, whither we all three returned together, I judiciously caught sight of a friend, and slipped away.

While listening to the complaints of old Mr.

Porteous upon the subject of his gouty toes, I kept an eye upon the count and the widow, who were sustaining an animated dialogue on the further side of the spring. I saw her finish her potion; I saw him seize the empty glass, hand it to the attendant maiden to be refilled, and drain it with a gusto for which the inherent properties of the water were hardly sufficient to account; I saw him repeat this foolhardy action twice — thrice, and then walk away at Mrs. Seymour's side as coolly as you please. I believe he would have pocketed the tumbler, like Sir Walter Scott, had not his uniform been far too tight to permit of such a proceeding.

Merciful powers! three glasses of Elisabeth straight off the reel! And I who am allowed but two; and must walk about for twenty minutes after the first, and for an hour after the second, under peril of I know not what awful consequences! I took a couple of turns along the avenue beside Porteous's bath-chair, and then concluded my walk in the company of some other fellow-sufferers; but I heard little of what they said, for I could not take my eyes off that young man. I watched him as the islanders watched Saint Paul of old, waiting for tardy Nemesis to overtake him, and I was almost disappointed to see that he came out of the ordeal as scathless as the apostle. My faith in my favorite spring received a blow that morning from which it has never fully recovered. Meanwhile the unconscious disturber of my peace was to all appearance getting on at a great pace with Mrs. Seymour. Their conversation did not appear to flag for a moment; and every now and then the sound of his laughter reached my ears above the din of the band, the shuffling of footsteps, and the buzz of many voices. Such a jolly, joyous laugh as it was! No snigger, nor cackle, nor half-smothered outburst, but a fine, rich ho-ho-ho! as natural and irrepressible as the song of a bird, and, to my ears, nearly as musical. I declare that, if I had been a woman, I should have felt three-parts inclined to marry Count Waldemar for the mere sake of his laugh, knowing that it could only proceed from the most manly and honest of hearts.

He caught me up after I had set my face homewards, and clapped me on the shoulder with much warmth. "You are my very goot friend," he was good enough to say. "I shall never forget wass you have done for me."

"You have nothing to thank me for. I should not have introduced you if you had

not forced me into doing so," I replied candidly. "The truth is, there is no chance for you. I know my countrywomen better than you can do, and I assure you that, though Mrs. Seymour may find it amusing enough to hear you talk, she will no more think of accepting your offer (if you are foolish enough to make her one) than she would of drinking three glasses of mineral water, highly charged with carbonic acid gas, because your lips had happened to touch the rim of the tumbler."

"Now, that we shall see," he rejoined, in no way disconcerted.

"Setting aside the question of your nationality and of her very slight acquaintance with you," I continued, "I must tell you that she is a woman of considerable fortune."

"Ja — so?" quoth he, quite imperturbably. "That is all the better; for I am myself a poor man. Money brings no happiness, but is no bad addition to happiness."

The perfect good faith with which this copybook maxim was enunciated was in its way inimitable. It was clearly absurd to waste more words upon one so ignorant of the first guiding principles of civilized society, so I went home to breakfast.

II.

I AM one of those who look back with regret to the palmy old days of M. M. Blanc and Bénazet. I never could see that the interests of public morality required the suppression of the gaming-tables, nor, for that matter, that it is the legitimate province of governments to look after the morals of law-abiding people at all. It has always seemed to me that, if I had gambling propensities, it would be far better for me to indulge them in public than in private. Those who stake against the bank play with an adversary who at least has no cards up his sleeve, who expects no "revenge" from a winner, who neither takes nor offers IOU's, who gains without unseemly exultation, and may be "broken" without being ruined. Of course I know all about the clerks who used to rob their masters' tills, and the peasants whose hardly-earned wages used to disappear on Saturday nights over the green cloth; but an obligatory deposit of twenty pounds or so, to be returned on the departure of the visitor, would have effectually excluded these simple folks; and really, if our rulers are to begin protecting us against ourselves, where are they to stop? Why should we not be forbidden

to back a horse, or to invest our money in South American securities, or to go out in wet weather without an umbrella and cork soles?

I feel the more free to say all this inasmuch as neither M. Blanc nor M. Bénazet ever made a single thaler out of me, except in indirect ways. It is not from any love of *trente et quarante* or *roulette* in themselves that I would fain see a restoration of those merry monarchs, but because their little kingdoms, which were once so joyous, are now left desolate, or nearly so. Their flower-gardens are growing less flowery every year; their well-mown lawns are well-mown no longer; their paths are grass-grown, or strewn with falling leaves; their *prime donne* and Parisian actors find more lucrative summer engagements elsewhere; the very gilding on their palace walls is beginning to tarnish, and will, perhaps, not be renewed; for where is the money to come from?

Homburg, it is true, is more highly favored than its neighbors, fashion having chosen to decree of late years that it should be the proper thing for the English great world to repair thither for a time at the close of the London season; and I must confess that now, when I do my annual three weeks of water-drinking, I mix in a more aristocratic as well as more respectable society than of yore. But then it is a considerably duller one. With the exception of lawn-tennis and dancing, neither of which relaxations are altogether suitable to the age of a majority of the *Curgäste*, Homburg is somewhat wanting in amusements in these latter days; and I suppose that is why everybody was so determined to be present at the steeplechases mentioned to me by Count Waldemar, that, on the appointed day, there was not a carriage to be had in the town for love or money. I myself was glad enough to accept the offer of a box-seat from some friends; for, anxious though I was to see how my new friend would acquit himself in the saddle, I had no idea of trudging two or three miles under a blazing sun for that or any other purpose.

The improvised course was pleasantly situated upon a slope of the Taunus Mountains, commanding a wide view of the rolling plain on which Homburg stands, of yellow cornfields and waving woods, and the spires of Frankfort glittering in the distance. Mounted policemen in spiked helmets were galloping hither and thither without any ostensible object; flags were fluttering, a military band was

in full blast; a large concourse of country people in holiday garb lined the hillside, and a triple row of carriages, displaying much quaint variety in build, was drawn up in the neighborhood of the winning-post.

In one of the latter I soon made out Mrs. Seymour, of whom, after the exchange of a few commonplaces, I could not forbear from inquiring her opinion of Herr von Ravensburg. She laughed heartily, as at some diverting reminiscence.

"Charming!" she replied. "Thank you so very much for introducing him to me. I don't know when I have met anyone who has made me laugh so much."

I doubted whether this were exactly the impression the young gentlemen had intended to produce, and I said so.

"He does not intend to produce any impression at all," answered Mrs. Seymour. "That is just what makes him so delightful. Instead of thinking about himself, as most Englishmen do, he thinks about the person he is talking to—and tells you what he thinks, too, in the most innocent manner."

"Did he tell you what he thought of you?" I asked.

"He did indeed. He said I wore false hair, and that that was very bad taste. Also he informed me that I ought not to go down to the springs in the morning alone."

"How very rude of him! Did he say nothing more than that?"

"Oh, yes, he paid me some compliments. He could hardly do less after being so plain-spoken. Ah, here he is. Now we shall have some fun."

The dialogue that ensued was funny enough in all conscience, but I doubt whether Mrs. Seymour fully appreciated the humor of it. To an onlooker nothing could have been more comical than the freak of fate which had brought together these two widely differing types of humanity, and had inspired each of them with a desire to penetrate beneath the outer crust of the other's individuality. By education, by habit, in thought and in mode of expression, they were as remote from one another as a Chinaman from a Choctaw; and I question whether they had a single quality in common, unless it were that of good-nature. Mrs. Seymour understood, no doubt, that this young German was greatly smitten with her—she must have been blind indeed to have ignored that—but I think that her comprehension of him began and ended there. As for him, he palpably could make nothing of the

English lady whose charms had conquered his heart. It was easy to see that he was a little shocked, as well as fascinated, by her freedom of manner. The idioms of her fashionable slang puzzled him, and he could not quite follow her quick repartees. More than once I caught him gazing at her with a look of troubled bewilderment in his blue eyes, which gradually melted into a smile as reflection brought him a clue to her meaning.

"Ah, you wass laughing at me," he would exclaim, breaking into one of his own hearty peals at this remarkable discovery. And then fat Mrs. Grey would laugh too, without knowing why; and so by degrees we all became very friendly and merry.

In the mean time the afternoon was wearing on. The three first events on the card—steeplechases they called them, but the obstacles to be surmounted were not of a very formidable kind—were disposed of, and the time was approaching for the great race of the day, in which Count Waldemar was to take part. We all wished him success when he left us, and, as he hurried away, I noticed that he was twirling between his finger and thumb a white rose very much resembling a cluster of those flowers which Mrs. Seymour wore in the front of her dress.

After a short delay the riders came out, and thundered past us, one by one—a yellow cap and jacket steering a big-boned, fiddle-headed roan; a blue jacket and black sleeves struggling with a chestnut who seemed a little too much for him; then some half-dozen others, whose colors, to tell the truth, I have forgotten, and likewise their horses. Last of all Count Waldemar cantered by, mounted on a little brown horse whose looks did not take the fancy of the ladies. Nor, for that matter, were they much better satisfied with the appearance of the count himself. He wore his uniform—a queer costume, certainly, in which to ride a race—and what had he done with that white rose but stuck it in the side of his flat cap, where, I must confess, it looked excessively absurd and conspicuous. Mrs. Seymour was not a little annoyed, I think, by this bold advertisement of her favor, but she was too much a woman of the world to make mountains out of molehills. However, she unfastened her own roses from her dress, and tossed them into the hood of the carriage, saying plainly that she did not wish to be laughed at by all Homburg.

I am not a sportin' man myself, and

should never think of trusting to my own judgment in a matter of horseflesh. Therefore, although I was by no means so displeased as my companions with Count Waldemar's mount, I did not venture to say anything to excite their hopes until I had consulted a racing man of my acquaintance, whom I found near the judge's box, surveying the scene with hat cocked and arms akimbo, patronage, not unmingled with disdain, expressed in his gaze.

"Good wear-and-tear little nag. Might win, I should say, over a long course like this, if his owner knows how to ride him," was the verdict of this oracle. "The roan's the favorite, they tell me, but, Lord bless you! looking at a horse'll never show you what he can do, especially with these fellows up. Lay you six sovereigns to four against the little brown, if you like, just to give the thing an interest, you know."

Modestly accepting this offer, I returned to tell Mrs. Seymour that I thought our man had as good a chance as anybody; and had just time to clamber up on to the box of her carriage, and get out my field-glasses, before a start was effected.

As I have already intimated, I have no pretension to say in what manner a race should or should not be ridden; but, dear me, the pace at which those young men dashed off, and the way they rushed at their fences! The yellow jacket took the lead, and kept it; the others were all together, a couple of lengths or so behind him—whipping and spurring, some of them, before they had accomplished a fourth of the distance. I was glad to see Count Waldemar lying well in the rear of this charge of cavalry, sitting still in his saddle, and evidently biding his time, like a sensible man. His little horse, with whom he seemed to be upon terms of perfect mutual understanding, popped over the fences cleverly enough, and looked full of running.

The race was twice round the course, and when the first circuit had been completed, it was clear to the most inexperienced eye that there were only three horses in it—the roan, the chestnut, and the brown.

Of the remaining competitors, one had gone the wrong side of a flag, and had pulled up, two had come to grief, and the others were hopelessly beaten. The roan was still ahead; the chestnut, all in a lather, was separated from him by a few lengths; and the brown was a little further behind than I quite liked to see him. Now, however, he began to creep slowly up; at

every jump he perceptibly gained ground, and before very long secured the second place. This order of going was maintained up to the last fence, over which yellow-jacket lifted the roan as if it had been a five-barred gate instead of a modest little hurdle. Count Waldemar slipped past him while he was still in the air, and cantered in without once lifting his whip.

"I am *so* glad!" cried Mrs. Seymour, as soon as she could make her voice heard above the acclamations that greeted this finish. "He did ride well, did not he, Mr. Clifford?"

"Couldn't have ridden better," I responded heartily, thinking of my six pounds and of the knowingness I had displayed in picking out the winner. "You see I was not very far wrong. I must say for myself that, though I don't profess to know much about racing, I have a pretty good eye for a horse, and —"

"Oh, but it wasn't the horse at all," interrupted Mrs. Seymour rather unkindly. "Anybody could see that that ugly little thing would have had no chance whatever if your friend had not ridden so perfectly. I wonder whether he is very much pleased."

"He looks so, at all events," remarked Mrs. Grey.

In truth the countenance of the victor, who was just now being led away in triumph by a crowd of his comrades, wore an expression of delight which he made no attempt to conceal. He had dropped his reins, and was throwing his arms about and talking eagerly, evidently explaining what the nature of his tactics had been, while all his features literally beamed with glee. Those who have happened to observe the face of a very small boy who has astonished everybody by a clever catch at cricket, will have some idea of Count Waldemar as he appeared in this moment of success. Only to look at him did one's heart good, and, as I watched him, I rejoiced more than ever in his victory, for I saw then how dreadfully disappointed he would have been if he had lost.

It is hardly necessary to relate how he eventually reappeared beside Mrs. Seymour's carriage, how he was received by the ladies with warm congratulations, and how every incident in the race had to be recorded in detail. I, for my part, having said what was proper, benevolently took away Mrs. Grey to look at the water-jump, perceiving that, if Count Waldemar was ever to make an impression upon the heart of the widow, now would be his opportunity.

No doubt he made good use of his time. I left the racecourse without seeing him again; but happening to dine that evening at the Cursaal, I had the satisfaction of witnessing from afar a well-attended and somewhat uproarious banquet, at which he was the chief guest, and which was given, the waiter told me, by the *Herren Offisiere* who had taken part in the steeplechases. A silver cup of surpassing hideousness, displayed in the middle of the table, was, my informant added, the trophy won by the hero of the day; the Herr Graf's health was about to be proposed, and doubtless he would make a speech in reply. Distance debarred me from enjoying the Herr Graf's eloquence; but judging from the applause it elicited, I conclude that it was worthy of him and of the occasion, and I observed with pleasure that his high spirits had not deserted him.

While I was drinking my cup of black coffee in the open air afterwards, he came out and joined me, as I had half expected that he would do. I asked him whether closer inspection had lessened his admiration of my countrywoman's charms, and he said not at all. On the contrary, he was more than ever convinced that he was now in love for the first and only time in his life, and more than ever determined that Mrs. Seymour should, ere long, change her name for that of Gräfin von Ravensburg. At the same time he gave me to understand that love had not blinded him to certain imperfections in the lady of his choice. He took exception to sundry tricks of voice and gesture, which, with a German's instinct for spying out the infinitely little, he had remarked in her; he pronounced her to be too *emancipirt*, by which, I take it, he meant "fast," and feared that the poetical side of her nature had not been sufficiently developed. But these, after all, he concluded, stretching out his long legs, and blowing a cloud of smoke into the still evening air, were but trifles, which marriage, and a residence in the cultured society of Stuttgart, would soon correct.

"Do you know," said I, "I think you are about the most conceited young man I ever came across?"

He opened his eyes in genuine amazement.

"Conceited!" he cried: "now that has never been said of me before. What for do you call me conceited?"

I pointed out to him that modest men do not, as a rule, expect ladies to fall in love with them at first sight.

"Ah, that is your English notion. You

consider yourselves the first nation in the world, and yet it is rare that you will find an Englishman who does not affect to speak against his country. That you call modesty, but I think it is a great foolishness, for you do not mean wass you say. And so mit other things. I do not expect as every lady shall fall in love with me — no! But one — that is another thing. If it has happened to me to love her, why should she not love me? I am very sure that your wife has loved you before she has married you."

"An impartial study of Mrs. Clifford's character during some twenty years of married life would have led me to form a somewhat different conclusion," I answered; "but doubtless you know best. I can assure you, however, that I have never had the audacity to offer marriage to anybody within a week of my first meeting with her."

"Perhaps," said he gravely, "you have never met the lady whom Gott has meant to be your wife. If you had, you would know that it is of no importance whether a man shall speak in two days or in two years. For me, I have no choice. I must join my regiment to-morrow, and so it is necessary that I declare myself to-night."

"And pray how are you going to find your opportunity?"

"Ah, for that I have had to employ a little diplomacy," he answered, pronouncing the word "*diplomacee*," with a strong emphasis upon the last syllable, and accompanying it with a look of profound cunning which I would not have missed for worlds. "I have arraigned to meet these ladies at the band, and to show them the race-cup, which, as you know, is in the restaurant. Now, diess is my plan. I join them when they are already seated, and I say: 'One lady will be so kind and keep the chairs while I take the other indoors.' I take Mrs. Seymour first, and then — you understand."

He went off presently to carry out this wily stratagem, having first promised to call at my hotel early the next morning, and let me hear the result of his attempt.

Somehow or other I could not help fancying that there might be a chance for him. Women like youth and good looks and proficiency in manly sports and a pretty uniform, and Mrs. Seymour was rich enough to indulge in a caprice. I had taken so strong a liking to the young fellow myself during the three days of our intimacy, that it did not seem to me an absolute impossibility that a lady should have fallen in love with him within as

brief a period. I ought of course to have known better. I ought to have remembered that we do not live in an age of romantic marriages and love at first sight, and to have foreseen that Mrs. Seymour would receive the young German's declaration exactly as ninety-nine women out of any hundred would do; but I suppose Count Waldemar's self-confidence must have slightly disturbed the balance of my judgment; and besides, I am always more prone to look at the sentimental side of things after dark than during the daytime.

With the return of morning my common sense recovered its sway, and I was not surprised when my breakfast was interrupted by the entrance of Count Waldemar, with a rather long face and a confession of failure upon his lips. He was disappointed, but far from despairing, and assured me that he had no intention of accepting this check as a final defeat.

"I have been reflecting all night in my inside," he said; "and I perceive that I have been too hasty. No matter — *aufgeschoben ist nicht aufgehoben*, as we say — to delay is not to break off. I shall meet her again, and then I shall know better how to act."

And so, with a hearty shake of the hand at parting, and a cordial invitation to beat up his quarters at Stuttgart if ever my wanderings should lead me that way, he set off for the railway-station.

III.

SHORTLY afterwards I myself left Hamburg, having completed the period of my "cure;" and if at the end of a week I had not quite forgotten Count Waldemar and Mrs. Seymour, I had at all events ceased to think about them and their destinies. On one's way through the world one is forever catching glimpses of disconnected dramas — the opening of a farce, the second act of a comedy, the tail of a tragedy. Accident interests us for a time in the doings and sufferings of the actors, and accident hurries them out of sight and out of mind again, with their stories half told.

Accident it was — or destiny, I can't say which; certainly it was not inclination — that took me, in the autumn of that same year, to Hyères, in company with my wife, and Mrs. Seymour could give no more satisfactory explanation of her presence in that dull little winter station. I ran up against her, on the Place des Palmiers, a few days after my arrival; and if I had been Friday and she Robinson Crusoe, she could not have hailed me with a greater show of delight.

"I am so very glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "In an evil hour I made up my mind to winter in the south, and three weeks ago I came here with my cousin, Miss Grey, whom you may remember at Homburg; and now, after I have taken a villa for six months, we have discovered how cordially we hate the place. We know hardly anybody, we have nothing to do, and, in short, we are bored to death. I do hope you are going to spend the winter here."

I said I did not think that I should be in Hyères very long, but that Mrs. Clifford, I believed, intended remaining for several months; after which I could hardly avoid adding that I hoped soon to have the pleasure of introducing my wife to Mrs. Seymour.

The truth is, that my satisfaction at meeting with that lady was tempered by some misgivings as to the probable nature of her reception by Mrs. Clifford, who is not a little particular in the matter of chance acquaintances, and who has never had any confidence at all in her husband's powers of discernment. In the present instance, however, my fears proved to be groundless; for when Mrs. Seymour came to call, it transpired, in the course of conversation, that before her marriage she had been one of the Warwickshire Greys (whoever they may be), and that, of course, made it all right. My wife pronounced her to be a really delightful person, and declared emphatically that she already felt a sincere interest in her future welfare.

The full significance of the latter phrase, which at the time I thought rather uncalled for, did not strike me until a few days later. It had happened that, upon our arrival at the Hôtel d'Orient, we had found already installed there a certain young man named Everard, a budding diplomatist with whom I am upon tolerably intimate terms, and whom I had been much astonished to discover spending his leave in a spot so remote from the charms of society. It was not until I had found out that he was in the habit of passing the greater part of his days and the whole of his evenings at Mrs. Seymour's pretty villa on the wooded hillside, that my sagacity led me to suspect what Mrs. Clifford, with her finer feminine wit, had divined from the outset. Now, as this young man was a prime favorite with my wife—for indeed he was connected with I know not how many noble houses—and as, owing to an unfortunate tardiness of birth for which he was in no way responsible,

he had but a poor share of this world's gear, it was not difficult to understand that lady's benevolent anxiety with regard to Mrs. Seymour's prospective happiness.

I solemnly declare that I had no objection in the world to the scheme hinted at above. I simply took no interest in it at all, one way or the other. It had nothing to do with me, and I make it a rule never to interfere in my neighbors' affairs. And yet Mrs. Clifford avers to this day that I consistently opposed it; that I did so merely with the object of annoying her, and that certain vexatious events which subsequently occurred would never have taken place at all but for me. Of the injustice, not to say the absurdity, of these accusations, I will leave those to judge who shall have the patience to peruse this narrative to its close. One thing, at all events, I can conscientiously affirm: that it never so much as entered my head to think of Count Waldemar in connection with the subject; for how could I possibly foresee that a lieutenant of German hussars, quartered in remote Stuttgart, would appear in the extreme south of France without a moment's notice, and create all manner of discord and unpleasantness in our midst? This, however, is precisely what happened.

It was a bitter cold evening in December. All day long a furious and icy *mistral* had been sweeping over the bare hills, driving clouds of dust before it, ripping branches from the olives and evergreen-oaks, chilling the poor exotic palms, bursting open windows, slamming doors, and irritating beyond all bearing the nerves of luckless strangers. I was sitting in the smoking-room of the hotel with young Everard, cowering over a wood fire, and bewailing the inclemency of this quasi-southern climate.

"Is it for this," I moaned, "that we have left our comfortable London home at the mercy of a crew of unprincipled servants? Is it for this that I have sacrificed my club, and my rubber of whist, and the improving society of my friends? Is it for this that we have crossed the Channel in a gale of wind, and faced the miseries of the most comfortless railway journey in the whole world? Is it for this —"

"There's the omnibus come in from the station," interrupted Everard. "More deluded unfortunates in search of warmth, I suppose. How they must be cursing their doctors!"

The front door was flung open, letting in a gust of cold air from without. A

heavy trunk was let down with a bang upon the stone floor. Some noisy, cheerful person came stumping in, laughing and talking with the landlord,—

And fragments of his mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

"Not much wrong with *his* lungs, anyhow," remarked Everard.

Could I doubt for a moment the origin of that tremendous ho-ho-ho? It needed not the landlord's smiling announcement that "*un ami à monsieur*" had arrived; it needed not the sight of a stalwart, furenveloped figure following closely upon his heels, to prepare me for the agonizing grip of both hands, whereby Count Waldemar evinced his joy and surprise at this unexpected renewal of our friendly relations.

He sat down before the fire, stretched out his interminable legs, and explained that he had got a month's leave of absence from his regiment. He entered at once into conversation with Everard, and would have divulged the cause of his journey to Hyères in the course of the first five minutes if I had not contrived to catch his eye, and check him by a succession of hideous grimaces. He acknowledged these signals by a wink of surpassing craftiness, and a laughing ejaculation of "*Schön! schön! Werde nicht mehr plaudern,*" which, seeing that Everard speaks German as well as he does English, was not exactly calculated to allay any suspicions that might have begun to trouble that young gentleman's mind. Still, the evening passed off without any untoward incident, and that was really more than I had ventured to hope for at first.

The next morning I had to introduce the count to Mrs. Clifford, and to this hour I cannot imagine how I could have been so insane as to tell her privately beforehand that he was related to the Grand Duke of Halbacker.

Sometimes I am almost tempted to think that even white lies—and this one, I do maintain, was of the most harmless order—never prosper. My sole aim was to give my young friend a chance of securing Mrs. Clifford's good-will; but, alas! the result achieved was the exact contrary of this. For Everard, who, as I ought to have remembered, had served as *attaché* at more than one German court, assured her that the grand duke had no such connections, and my lame explanation that I was always making mistakes about people, and that I must have been thinking of somebody else, did not avail to prevent

her from setting down poor Count Waldemar as an impostor, and openly speaking of him as such to the other inmates of the hotel. Altogether it was a most unfortunate occurrence, and did me much harm in the estimation of those about me.

I have neither space nor desire to speak of the botheration which ensued; of the solemn warning which my wife thought fit to address to Mrs. Seymour; of the latter's appeal to the person principally concerned, and of my own clumsy attempts to get out of an awkward predicament. The upshot of it all was that I believe I was looked upon, for some time, as more or less of a detected swindler by everybody, except, indeed, by my dear and excellent count, who would never have understood the mean feeling which had led me to make him out a greater man than he was. Now the Von Ravensburgs were of just so good descent as the Grand Dukes of Halbacker, he said; and if I had made a little mistake, who was the worse for it? "Tell me, my dear Mrs. Seymour, why does Mrs. Cleefford go out of the room whenever I enter? Does she take me perhaps for a *peech-pocket*?" He roared with laughter at this funny notion.

The matter-of-course way in which Mrs. Seymour had taken Count Waldemar's sudden appearance upon the scene puzzled me so much that at last I felt impelled to ask her whether she had not been rather astonished to see him again.

"Oh, no," she answered quietly. "He has written to me several times since we parted at Homburg, and he always spoke in his letters of paying us a flying visit in the course of the winter."

"Oh, really?" said I, "I didn't know;" and then I changed the subject.

A man does not reach my time of life, nor spend the best part of half a century principally in cultivating the society of his fellow-creatures, to be scandalized by the flirtations of a pretty woman. Consciousness of my own many infirmities has ever imposed upon me a large measure of toleration for those of others; and when all is said and done, flirting, taken in the abstract, is no very heinous offence. Nevertheless, Mrs. Seymour's conduct in the present instance disappointed me. I had given her credit for less vanity and more consideration for the feelings of her neighbors. Was it worth while to inflict an expensive and fruitless journey upon this innocent young German; to set a hitherto harmonious party by the ears, and to get me into trouble with Mrs. Clifford, merely for the amusement of playing off one admirer

against another? I was really vexed with Mrs. Seymour, and all the more so because I had seen a good deal of her during my sojourn at Hyères, and had discovered the existence of many excellent qualities beneath her somewhat conventional exterior.

At the same time, I could not but admire the skill with which she contrived to receive both the young men every day, and yet so to arrange matters as that their visits should not clash. I myself, having so few sources of amusement at command in the place, strolled up to her villa pretty frequently, and invariably found one or other of the rivals there, but never the two of them together. There was always some pretext, directly traceable to Mrs. Seymour's influence, for the dismissal of the absentee. Now it was Everard who had taken Miss Grey out for a ride; now it was Count Waldemar who had kindly undertaken to execute a few commissions at Toulon, and who was to be driven back from the station by Mrs. Seymour in her pony-carriage. Sometimes the German, sometimes the Englishman, was sent down to the seashore, three miles away, to pick up the many-colored shells which abound on that coast. I happen to have an elementary knowledge of conchology, and I had the curiosity to put a few questions to Mrs. Seymour on the subject, thereby convincing myself that if she knew a crustacean from a mollusk it was about as much as she did. She laughed when I taxed her with deliberate deceit, and frankly admitted that she had found it advisable to keep her friends as much as possible apart.

"They did not get on well together from the first," said she; "and I think it is always so much better not to try and make people like each other unless they are inclined that way. Count Waldemar is much too good-natured to quarrel with anybody, but he has a way of criticising you to your face, and of contradicting you flatly if you do not happen to agree with him, which people who do not know him are sometimes apt to take amiss. And then, you know, he does rather monopolize the conversation. When he is in the room nobody else gets much chance of making himself heard, and Mr. Everard, who is very well-informed and clever, and all that, is accustomed to be listened to."

"Precisely so; and that, of course, is quite enough to account for two good fellows hating one another like poison," says I, with delicate irony.

"Well, you know, Englishmen and foreigners hardly ever do manage to hit it

off," she answered, in the most innocent manner in the world; "but I should not say that they exactly hated one another."

They did, though, or something very like it. Although, owing to the able tactics above alluded to, they seldom or never met at Mrs. Seymour's, every day brought them together half-a-dozen times at the Hôtel d'Orient; and, to use Mrs. Clifford's epigrammatical expression, they never fell in with one another without falling out. She, of course, laid all the blame of this unpleasantness upon Count Waldemar, whereas I was inclined to think that Everard had been the original aggressor: but I must confess that at the end of a week there was not a pin to choose between them. Each did his best to be objectionable to the other, and in so doing, succeeded in being a most decided nuisance to everybody else.

In my capacity of neutral, I had more opportunities than I cared about of hearing both sides of the question.

"Of all the offensive bores I ever met," Everard would exclaim, "that long-legged German friend of yours is the most irrepresible. I can't understand how a fellow can be so intrusive. It is easy to see that poor Mrs. Seymour is tired to death of him; but I suppose she doesn't like to be rude, and nothing short of kicking the man out of the house would ever keep him away from it. I assure you he is there morning, noon, and night."

"So is somebody else, as far as that goes," I make bold to observe.

"You mean me? Ah, but I'm different," answers Everard, and saunters away without deigning to explain wherein the difference lies.

Count Waldemar, on his side, showed no less bitterness and a good deal more jealousy. He had a very poor opinion of the Englishman, whom he spoke of as "a most effeminate person — wass we call *ein junger Geck*," but admitted, for all that, that he regarded him as a formidable rival.

"I know not what to think," he said, shaking his head despondently one evening when I was smoking my after-dinner cigar with him, Everard having, as we both knew, betaken himself to the villa on the hill. "When I am alone mit her, then is she so kind, so pleasant as I could wish for nothing more; but if this abominable fellow is expected, at once I am sent away, and that is a thing wass I cannot endure. Very likely he is sitting beside her at this moment, in the very chair I was sitting in myself this morning."

"Why, of course he is," I answered stupidly. "You don't suppose that he sits at one end of the room and Mrs. Seymour at the other, do you?"

Up jumps the count, and begins putting on his military great-coat with the air of one who has a definite purpose in view.

"What are you going to do?" I inquired apprehensively.

"I go to Mrs. Seymour's," he replied. "Do you come mit me? Yes, my friend, you shall come, and we will see for ourselves whether or no she is making me a fool."

He took down my hat from the hook on which it was hanging, clapped it on my head, pushed my passive arms into the sleeves of my overcoat, and marched me out into the moonlight without another word. I had got accustomed to his ways by this time, and made no resistance, though I felt that we were about to do a foolish thing.

On reaching the villa, we were kept some time waiting before the servant answered our ring, and when we entered the drawing-room, there was nothing in the relative attitudes of its three inmates to excite any jealous suspicions. Miss Grey was at the piano; Everard, standing behind her, was apparently intent upon turning over the pages of her music-book, and Mrs. Seymour was demurely occupied with a piece of embroidery by the fireside. The latter welcomed us with her wonted cordiality, and looked, I thought, more amused than annoyed; but Everard sighed impatiently, and whispered something to Miss Grey.

Count Waldemar dropped into a chair at Mrs. Seymour's side, and I am bound to say that he contrived to perform this simple action in a markedly aggressive manner. Everard, however, did not take up the challenge, if such it were intended to be, but went on conversing in a low tone with Miss Grey.

Finding myself thus constrained to play the ungrateful part of a fifth person, I rose presently, and stepped out on to the verandah which surrounded the house.

I have nothing to say against the climate of Hyères at such times as the *mistral* is not blowing. On this December night the air was as mild as that of an English June. There were roses in bloom in the garden; a faint breeze was stirring among the olive-trees on the slopes; the moon made a silvery pathway across the sea beneath, softening all the landscape, and casting such a fairy-like glamor over the arid rocks of the Hyères Islands that their

ancient title of the *Iles d'Or* no longer seemed inappropriate. Somebody had left a cane armchair out on the verandah. I took possession of it, lighted a cigar, and was soon lost in those pathetic memories which are the peculiar property of moonlight and middle age.

How long I had been thus pleasantly occupied I cannot say, when an increased volume of sound proceeding from within attracted my attention, and made me aware that Count Waldemar was delivering one of his harangues. This was followed by some barely audible sentences enunciated in Everard's slow and somewhat drawling accents, and then I heard the count's voice saying distinctly and rather sulkily, —

"Sir, you make a mistake; the Germans are a most order-loving people. That we love Prussia I do not say — no; but we shall remain loyal to the emperor because he is the natural head of the *Reich*; and it is only very ignorant and foolish persons who maintain the contrary."

"Thanks. I fully appreciate the flattering inference. All the same, I expect to see the German republic before I die."

"Pfui!"

"Herr von Ravensburg, do you know that you are rather rude?"

"Rude? *Aber!* — when a man speaks to me of the German republic!"

At this juncture I judged it appropriate to appear upon the scene, after the fashion of the heathen deities of old, and to avert the impending strife.

"Are you young men aware that it is past eleven o'clock?" I asked. "If you stay here much longer, you will not only wear out Mrs. Seymour's patience, but also that of the hotel-porter, who is not fond of late hours. Come, let us all say good-night, and be off."

As I marched out of the house between the two rivals, I felt that I had displayed a tact for which everybody owed me some thanks; but my self-approval was not destined to last long. Just as we reached the limits of the small domain, Count Waldemar, who all this time had been only too evidently struggling with inward wrath, stopped short, drew himself up to his full height, and looking over my head at Everard, ejaculated, —

"Sir!"

"Do be quiet," I whispered entreatingly; but he never heeded me.

"Sir," he repeated. "Just now you have said that I was rude. Before the ladies I could not notice your words, but now I must ask you what you have meant."

"Exactly what I said," answered Everard curtly.

"In Germany we consider such speeches an insult."

"Do you? Well, really I can't help it. If a man dislikes being called a boor, he ought not to behave boorishly."

Count Waldemar told me afterwards that Everard had been sneering at him, and trying to provoke him all the evening through: otherwise he would not have lost his temper even after so direct an affront as this. As it was, his self-control deserted him entirely. He took two strides towards the offender, caught him up in his arms like a baby, held him for an instant poised aloft, and then, with one mighty heave, tossed him clear over the low bank by which we were standing, into a conveniently adjacent clump of cactus-bushes.

I am sorry to say that, shocked and indignant though I was at this deed of violence upon the person of a friend and a fellow-countryman, the first emotion that took possession of me was one of most unseasonable mirth; and this, gaining strength by reason of my efforts to conquer it, soon mastered me so completely that I was fain to sit me down upon the grass and hold my sides, while Count Waldemar, all his ill-humor dispersed in that one explosion of wrath, woke the echoes with peal after peal of uproarious laughter, and from the cactus-bushes below arose the maledictions of the outraged Everard.

To a man smarting both mentally and physically as Everard must have been doing, such conduct as this may well have appeared as inexcusable as it was exasperating. I suppose that under any circumstances he would have been very angry; he was simply furious now, and satisfaction he vowed he would have.

How we got back to the hotel I can hardly say. I daresay we were a sufficiently comical trio—Count Waldemar still shaking with laughter, Everard bristling with thorns like a hedgehog, and I insisting with vain volubility upon the necessity for mutual apologies. All I know is that, when I went to bed that night, I closed my eyes upon the prospect of having to play the absurd, not to say hazardous, part of second in a duel.

IV.

It was Count Waldemar who, despite my entreaties and protestations, would have it that I must act as his friend in the carrying out of this piece of murderous folly. He was very sorry to put me to any

inconvenience, he said; but since he was not upon speaking terms with any other man in Hyères, he could not help himself; and when I declared that no duel should take place at all with my consent, he simply answered that that did not concern him, he being the receiver, not the giver of the challenge. He added, as a matter of detail, that he had no intention of apologizing for the hasty act into which his temper had betrayed him on the previous evening, and that he did not in the least regret it.

"I have seen very well, last night, that Mrs. Seymour is more fond of him as of me," he sighed; "but when she shall hear how I have sitted him in the meedst of those thorns, then must she certainly laugh. Yes, I shall have my revenge!"

And with this unworthy sentiment he lounged out into the sunshine, while I went up-stairs to see what I could do with the other fire-eater.

I found Everard deep in conversation with a certain M. de Beaulieu, a young Parisian, who was reluctantly spending a few weeks in the south in order to soothe the last moments of a wealthy and asthmatic aunt. I was sorry to see him there, for I had guessed the cause of his presence even before Everard, rising from his chair, said,—

"If you come from Herr von Ravensburg, perhaps I had better leave you with M. de Beaulieu, who has kindly consented to act for me in this matter."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! pray don't stir," I answered, determined to make light of the whole business if I could. "I certainly do come from Count Waldemar—that is, in a sort of way you know. I mean, I did not tell him I was coming; and my only object in doing so is to suggest that you and he should make up your difference in a friendly way."

"I don't quite see how that is to be managed," observed Everard quietly.

"Now, Everard, be reasonable. For goodness' sake don't let us have a row. You see, the fact is you were both in the wrong; you provoked him, and he forgot himself; each of you will surely admit that much. Very well; you have only to acknowledge frankly—"

"Mr. Clifford, what would you do if a fellow twice your size chucked you into a small plantation of prickly pears?"

"Well, I can't exactly say upon the spur of the moment; but one thing is certain—no Englishman is expected to fight duels in these days."

"No man who prefers to take a licking

is ever expected to fight. For my own part, I have lived so much abroad that I have become a little foreign in my habits; and as I am a particularly good shot, and a very fair swordsman, and have already been out three times, I see no reason why I should not prevent your German friend from insulting strangers for the future."

"Why, you bloodthirsty young ruffian, do you mean to say you would kill the man?"

"Not if I can help it; but I mean hitting him, I can tell you. And if I were you, Mr. Clifford, I would keep out of the quarrel. You can do as you like, of course, and it is no business of mine; but I think it is only fair to warn you that all this will probably end by getting you into a mess with the police."

That was all I obtained from Mr. Everard, who now left the room. For one brief moment I did think of following his advice—of declaring that I washed my hands of these two young idiots and their broils, or, better still, of packing up my portmanteau and taking the afternoon train to Nice. But it was only for a moment. Upon further reflection, I felt that I could not leave poor Waldemar thus basely in the lurch; and so I sat down sadly, and began to use my poor powers of eloquence upon M. de Beaulieu. That gentleman heard me out very patiently, and then convinced me, by a few brief but pithy sentences, that nothing short of an abject written apology would satisfy the wounded honor of his principal. At the end of a quarter of an hour I had actually consented, on Count Waldemar's behalf, to a hostile meeting with pistols at daybreak; and to this hour I cannot see what alternative course was open to me. Some vague hints I did venture to throw out with reference to blank cartridges, and the possibility of satisfying wounded honor without risk to life or limb; but upon this M. de Beaulieu became so angry, and asked me with such an air of outraged dignity what I took him for, that I was compelled to retreat rather hastily from that position.

Thus it came to pass that, after a disturbed night, I found myself stealing out of the Hôtel d'Orient about the hour of sunrise, accompanied by three other malefactors, whom, at that dismal moment, I most warmly commended in my heart to the devil. I don't know what I have done that I should be forever getting into these discreditable scrapes; I don't know why such troubles should come upon me more than upon other inoffensive members of society; but, as a fact, they do.

Silently we plodded up the stony hill-side, and through the woods of olive and cork trees that clothed it. The branches overhead and the scanty herbage at our feet were glistening with dew; the air was still and crisp; the sunlight fell upon a pale blue sea and upon a white sail or two in the offing.

It seemed monstrous that two young fellows in the prime of life should be setting out to kill one another on such a lovely, peaceful morning; and we all of us, I fancy, felt the influence of the scene in a greater or less degree. I can answer for it that one of the party, who is neither a rich nor a specially generous man, would gladly have signed a cheque for a thousand pounds there and then, at the imminent risk of having it subsequently dishonored, if by that means he could have obliterated the events of the two preceding days.

But as that could not be, and as Providence did not think fit to intervene in the person of a gendarme or any other *deus ex machina*, we pursued our way without let or hindrance, and presently reached the entrance of a little dell, shut in on every side by rocks and trees, where we all instinctively came to a standstill. The light might have been better, M. de Beaulieu said, surveying the spot with a critical eye; but one could not have everything, and it was a pretty place for the purpose—a very pretty place. This Frenchman's spirits appeared to rise with the approach of the combat, and he set about measuring the distance—only twenty paces, alas!—as briskly and cheerfully as if he had been making the requisite preparations for a cotillon. Everard and Count Waldemar stood a short space apart, each with his eyes fixed upon the ground, while I, with the pistol-case under my arm, seated myself upon the stump of a tree, shivering a little, and feeling as utterly miserable as I ever felt in my life.

At this supreme moment a distinct sound of approaching footsteps fell upon my ear. I wheeled round, and found myself face to face with—heavens and earth!—Mrs. Seymour and Miss Grey.

"Good morning, Mr. Clifford," said the former, without any demonstration of surprise. "Is it not a delicious morning for a walk? Is that Mr. Everard? And Herr von Ravensburg too! Dear me, what can you all be doing? And what have you got under your arm?"

"A—a botanical case—or rather, I should say, a paint-box. I mean, I really don't know; it doesn't belong to me, but to M. de Beaulieu. Here, catch hold of

it," says I, thrusting the horrid thing into the hands of its owner, who had now joined the group, looking very blank. "Are you — er — out for a walk too?" I continued with an inane simper; for in truth I hardly knew what I was saying.

"As you see," answered Mrs. Seymour demurely. "A walk in the early morning gives one such a capital appetite, does it not? And, *à propos*, I want you all to come back and breakfast with me."

A prompt and general murmur, like a response in church, testified to the unanimity with which we declined this kind invitation.

"Oh, but I will take no refusal," insisted Mrs. Seymour. "You cannot possibly have any engagement at this hour of the day, and I do not intend to let you escape. Miss Grey shall take charge of Mr. Everard, I will look after Mr. Clifford, and the two other gentlemen shall walk between us, so that we may not lose sight of them."

There was nothing to be done but to surrender to this determined lady—I don't deny that one of us was no very reluctant prisoner—and so our tragedy was converted into a farce, and we marched down the narrow pathway, two and two, in somewhat ludicrous procession—first Everard and Miss Grey; then Count Waldemar and M. de Beaulieu, the latter ineffectually striving to conceal his murderous implements under an overcoat; finally Mrs. Seymour and myself.

"Well, Mr. Clifford," began my companion, as soon as we were fairly under way.

"Well, Mrs. Seymour?"

Of course I saw that she knew what we had been about.

"I should have believed this of a great many people—of Count Waldemar, for instance, who is a foreigner, or of Mr. Everard, who has lived so much abroad—but not of you."

"Go on. Blame me, and you will be quite in the fashion. That is what everybody invariably does under all circumstances; and I have long since given up self defence as a mere waste of time. I am quite prepared to admit that everything has been my fault from beginning to end, and to apologize to you all round. It was I, of course, who brought an unfortunate German all the way from Würtemberg to Hyères upon a fool's errand; it was I who flirted with two young men to that extent that one of them had to ease his feelings by plunging the other head over heels into a cactus-bush: it was I who —"

"Mr. Clifford, you are excessively rude, and, begging your pardon, excessively silly too. I never was accused of flirting before in my life. I can make allowances for Herr von Ravensburg, because he is—well, because, for many reasons, it is not unnatural that he should misunderstand things; but that you, who particularly pride yourself upon your insight into human nature and the causes of people's actions should not have seen long ago that Mr. Everard is engaged to my cousin, Miss Grey, is more than I can comprehend. The engagement would have been announced before this, only I did not want it talked about just at first, because Mr. Everard is not very well off, and my people rather objected to the match. Now, however, everything is settled; and when Count Waldemar has apologized, as I intend him to do before breakfast, I hope we may all shake hands, and forget how foolish some of us have been. But I must say I shall have some little difficulty in pardoning you for doing your best to kill the two firmest friends I have in the world."

"Will you tell me how on earth I was to prevent a man who refused to apologize from fighting another who insisted upon an apology?"

"How? Oh, in a hundred ways. You had only to inform the police or to send a line to me. Nothing could be more simple."

"Quite out of the question—altogether contrary to etiquette," returned I, trying to look as if I had had a large experience of duels. "Ladies know nothing about these affairs. By-the-bye, may I ask how you managed to arrive upon the scene so opportunely?"

"I shall not answer any questions which might get innocent people into trouble. But I may mention that if you had not yelled with laughter in that unseemly way, the night that Count Waldemar behaved so disgracefully, my maid would not have run out into the garden to see what was the matter."

"Oho! Is your maid that very well-dressed lady whom I sometimes see walking with Everard's man on Sunday afternoons?"

"Never mind. Will you go on now, and entertain M. de Beaulieu, please. And may I ask you to send Herr von Ravensburg to me. I have a few words to say to him."

The nature of those few words I was enabled to surmise by the guttural ejaculations which reached me, every now and

again, as I descended the hill beside the Frenchman. Just as we approached the house Count Waldemar brushed past me, looking a trifle crestfallen, and hurried up to the couple who were waiting for us at the door. I was too far off to hear what passed; but the count's utterances were always embellished with so much pantomime that it was easy to form a pretty accurate guess at what he was saying, so long as he was anywhere within range of eyesight. I saw him standing, hat in hand, before Miss Grey, rigid as to his legs, but violently agitated from the waist upwards. I saw him fling his arms about wildly, and feign to tear out his hair by handfuls. Then he turned to his late antagonist, bowed three several times most profoundly, indulged in a little more gesticulation, and finally seized him by both hands, and almost shook him off his feet. Everard did not look more than half pleased; but Count Waldemar was not the man to be abashed by a little coldness. Having accomplished his task, he faced about, and came striding back towards us with his wonted cheerful equanimity very nearly restored.

"Now I have made all goot," said he, in the tone of a man who expects to be thanked. "Mrs. Seymour, I hope you are content mit me?"

Mrs. Seymour laughed. "Let us go in to breakfast," she said, without replying to the count's question.

I cannot say that that breakfast was in any sense a success. Our hostess was charming, and did all in her power to set us at our ease, and Count Waldemar, as usual, talked a great deal; but, upon the whole, I think everybody was very glad when the repast came to an end. I, for my part, was conscious that, however excusably, I had made a fool of myself; M. de Beaulieu barely disguised his dissatisfaction at the tame conclusion of the affair in which his services had been enlisted; Miss Grey never opened her lips, and Everard was evidently rather sulky. I suppose those thorns still rankled a little.

He and his *fiancé* seized the earliest opportunity that offered to escape into the garden, and immediately afterwards M. de Beaulieu took his leave. Upon this I said I thought I would go out on to the verandah, and smoke a cigar, and as neither of the two remaining members of the company offered any objection to my departure, I suited the action to the word.

It was very pleasant out on the verandah. The air was warm, yet clear; the

stony, hilly landscape was beautiful with numberless delicate gradations of color; a silvery ribbon of surf fringed the blue sea, which stretched away towards the far horizon to meet as blue a sky. In the garden at my feet, the standard roses, yellow, pink, creamy, and white, were drinking in the sunshine; and every now and then I caught a glimpse of Everard and Miss Grey pacing slowly side by side among the myrtles and tamarisks. Surveying this idyllic prospect with quiet contentment, I fell into a pleasant day-dream, which, by an easy transition, resolved itself ere long into a refreshing slumber. When I awoke it was to find Count Waldemar and Mrs. Seymour standing before me hand in hand.

"My dear Mr. Clifford," said the former oratorically, "you have once done me the great kindness to present me to Mrs. Seymour; permit me, in return, to present to you the future Gräfin von Ravensburg."

It is always a little difficult to know what to say upon these occasions, and the difficulty is perhaps rather specially great to a man who has been caught asleep, and has not had time to reassemble his ideas. However, it can matter very little what his remarks may be so that he makes them short, and relieves the lovers of his presence with all convenient despatch; and in this branch of my duty I did not fail.

Mrs. Clifford, to whom I communicated the news later in the day, received it with some strong expressions of disapproval.

"I do not remember ever to have heard of a more ill-omened and unsuitable marriage," said she. "An Englishwoman of good birth and fortune to ally herself with a German adventurer! What possible chance of happiness can she have?"

To a certain extent, I confess that I shared my wife's apprehensions. Looking at the utter dissimilarity of their ways of life and thought, I could not but foresee that Count Waldemar and his wife would have need of much mutual forbearance; and no one knows better than I how limited is the stock of that useful quality accorded to most mortals. The match did not sound a promising one; but then, as everybody knows, the most promising matches often turn out badly in the long run, and *vice versa*. Marriage, which has more than one attribute in common with death, resembles it especially in this, that no human being can venture to predict what manner of life is likely to succeed to it.

I am glad, at all events, to be able to state that, when I saw the Count and Countess von Ravensburg in London, a few days since, they both looked remarkably cheerful and contented.

From Fraser's Magazine.
THUROT.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE question of fortifying the several commercial harbors and seaports round our coasts has been often proposed and argued on; it has, quite lately, been again urged by the corporations of Edinburgh and Leith; it is, in reality, one which too closely affects our material interests to be treated as lightly or carelessly as it often is treated, and which deserves more consideration than it commonly gets.

Britannia needs no bulwarks

is a favorite reply; a poetical vaunt, a bit of bounce, that sounds well, and that, when written, sounded almost better; with the tidings of the first of June, of St. Vincent, Camperdown, and the Nile still ringing in the public ears, we can quite understand the proud boast which a few years' further experience showed thinking men might be a very unsafe one. Had Villeneuve been a man of moderate ability and moderate nerve, Britannia might have wished very heartily for bulwarks; and the martello towers, which were built shortly after, showed that it was considered just as well to have some fortifications even along the steep.

It is not, however, of that stirring period of eighteen hundred and war time, that I am now about to write. I am going to endeavor to recall the memory of an older war, and a still earlier scare; when a French invasion seemed imminent; when flat-bottomed boats were got ready all along the north coast of France; when a camp was formed on Brighton Downs: when a large force of soldiers, militia and volunteers, was mustered to oppose the expected landing; when Garrick wrote, and Boyce composed, and Champness sang that spirit-stirring song, "Hearts of Oak," which is still the recognized call of our seamen to quarters, though such lines as

We'll still make them fear, and still make
them flee,
And drub 'em on shore as we've drubbed
'em at sea,

hint at a possibility of invasion after all; and when another favorite song was first heard, a song whose air has been a loth-to-depart in both services for the last hundred years, and which is genuine English, nor the less so because a great many have fancied it an Irish melody: the words are too long to quote; the first two verses will be sufficient to remind the reader that the original name of the song was "Brighton Camp:"—

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley,
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine or gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away
With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silvery light,
When first she vowed to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp;
Kind Heaven then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

And then, as half a century later, the boldness and decision of English admirals, acting on the timidity and vacillation of the French, nullified the well-planned strategy of the French government: then, on August 18, 1759, Boscawen,—"Old Dreadnought," as our sailors loved to call him—broke up, dispersed, captured, burned, or drove on shore the Toulon fleet, under M. de la Clue, as it tried to pass out of the Mediterranean to join the fleet at Brest, and obtain the command of the Channel: then Hawke—"as a hawk on his quarry"—pounced down on that Brest fleet as, on November 20, 1759, it was entering Quiberon Bay, to embark the troops mustered in Morbihan; and made that brilliant and glorious smash of the French navy which was historically, nautically, and politically the precursor and rival of Trafalgar; the memory of which in France is perpetuated as "*la journée de M. de Conflans*," though in England it is but feebly remembered as Hawke's action, and the name of Quiberon Bay has fallen into oblivion, so that it will now probably sound strange, or in itself convey no definite meaning.

That Quiberon Bay was a decisive battle of the Seven Years' War, is a fact which has escaped most historians; that, had the result of it been reversed, had it been the English fleet that was annihilated, the relative positions of France and England

during the next four years, and in the negotiations which then ensued, would have been very different. Historians have not recognized this; and even at the time, it seems to have been taken very much as a matter of course. The possibility of the result of a meeting between the two fleets being not exactly what it was, seems never to have occurred to our enthusiastic countrymen, who had, less than three years before, shot one of their admirals for strategic defeat and tactical imbecility; not perhaps for positive cowardice, but, at any rate, for very negative courage. Hawke was thanked by Parliament for his great victory; and a pension followed shortly after, but he did not get his peerage for seventeen years; and even at the time, the fleet was so neglected by the government, now that the strain — unacknowledged though it was — was taken off, that the necessary stores and provisions were not sent to it; and our seamen were exposed to great and uncalled-for hardships and privations, while keeping up the strict blockade on the shattered remnants of the enemy's navy. The feeling of the fleet was expressed in some wretched doggrel, which none the less conveys a very painful idea of injustice and neglect:—

Ere Hawke did bang
Monsieur Confians,
You sent us beef and beer;
Now monsieur's beat,
We've nought to eat,
Since you have nought to fear.

But all this is matter of history more or less familiar. The political state of the two countries at the time may be read in Lord Mahon's (Stanhope's) "History of England;" and the details of Boscauwen's action in the Straits, or Hawke's action in Quiberon Bay — both joining with the capture of Quebec and the conquest of Canada to render the year "wonderful" — can be found in Entick's "History of the Late War," in Beatson, in Charnock, or in the continuation of Campbell.* But coincident with these great events, smaller events were taking place; coincident with

the French idea of a great invasion in the south of England, which was extinguished by Boscauwen and Hawke, was entertained by the French another idea, that of a landing in the north of England or Ireland, not indeed in any force, but still in such force and under such circumstances as might, and as it was hoped would, direct to the north a considerable part of the army mustered in the south, would thus weaken the defence, and render the undertaking of the invaders comparatively easy. The charge of this expedition was given to a man whose name indeed, Thurot, is in all our histories, but of whose career no one English book, or French book either, gives any complete or correct account. In the local records, the corporation books of many towns, the mention of Thurot's name shows that he was a much more real personage in the minds of the worthy burghers than De la Clue or Confians; and yet, even then, he was to some extent mythical; and his earliest biographer, the Rev. John Francis Durand,* writing immediately after his death in 1760, says: "In the course of a few weeks I have known him to be a Scotchman, an Englishman, and an Hibernian; he was successively the Young Pretender, a reformed pirate, and a bastard of the blood royal of France, and I make no doubt that if he had kept the sea a little longer, he would, in his turn, have been the brother of the Grand Turk, or the nephew of the pope of Rome; unless the newspapers had thought fit to give us broad hints that he was those very great personages themselves in disguise." Durand's little book is the only "Life of Thurot," which has been written in English; but though the author makes great claim to authenticity, as having been an intimate friend of Thurot for many years, he has left us a farrago of nonsense which we may believe Thurot himself crammed him with. Durand was a clergyman, and is said by Entick, also a clergyman, to be worthy of credit; it is more than can be said of his book, which can only be trusted for the few years when Thurot was living in London, or a frequent visitor to it; or when, in the latter part, it quotes or refers to official papers; but the account which

* Is it not strange that in a country like ours, having a navy such as ours, there is nothing at all approaching to a standard naval history? Beatson's "Memoirs" is a mere chronicle, crowded with unimportant details, very often incorrect; and though — with proper care — most valuable to the professional student, is *caviare* to the general reader. A writer of our own time attempted, a few years ago, to supply the want; but his work, though pleasantly enough written, is a mere compilation of the material readiest to hand, without research, knowledge, or critical judgment; and as a "History of the British Navy" is of no value whatever.

* "Genuine and Curious Memoirs of the famous Captain Thurot, written by the Rev. John Francis Durand, with some of Mons. Thurot's Original Letters to that Gentleman, now in England. To which is added a much more faithful and particular Account than has been hitherto published of his Proceedings since his Sailing from the Coast of France, October 18, 1759." Dublin, 12mo. 1760. I have said in the text that these memoirs are more than curious. Even such a trifling matter as this last-mentioned date is incorrect.

it gives of Thurot's early life and active career is simply and entirely false; it has not even the semblance of truth.

François Thurot,* the son of an inn-keeper and postmaster in a small way of business, was born at Nuits, a petty town of Burgundy (Côte d'Or) on July 22, 1726. As a boy he is said to have been of a violent and quarrelsome disposition; and when, after having had a fair education at the Jesuits' college at Dijon, he was, at the age of sixteen, bound apprentice in the shop of a druggist in that town, he launched out into all sorts of juvenile dissipation and debauchery. This, as is often the case, led to the worst kind of rowdiness; and he ended his career in Dijon by robbing his aunt of her silver dishes and flying from the town. Naturally enough, he ignored Dijon and Nuits for the rest of his life; he seems to have passed himself off as a native of Boulogne, when, some short time after, he turned up at Dunkirk, and, being almost, or quite destitute, obtained employment as surgeon on board a privateer fitted out to take advantage of the war with England. He was then barely eighteen, and his knowledge of surgery was such as he had picked up during his few months in the druggist's shop; so that it was, perhaps, in some respects, fortunate for the crew of the privateer that she was captured by the English almost at once; and that they and their surgeon were put out of harm's way in a prison at Dover.

Thurot remained a prisoner for about a year, during which time he learned English; and having won the good opinion of his gaolers, and probably being out on parole, he one night seized on a small boat, and put to sea with no further equipment than a pair of sculls; with these, and with his shirt for a sail, he reached Calais in the course of the next day. The success of this bold escape made some noise, and was the means of introducing him to the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, who advised him to study navigation and take to a seafaring life. He did both; he entered as boy on board a privateer, and rose rapidly to higher ratings; after two

cruises he was entrusted with an independent command, and by his activity, energy, and good fortune, won some reputation and a large share of prize-money; so that, when peace was concluded in 1748, although but twenty-two, and having been only three years at sea, he was in a position to fit out a merchant ship at his own risk and expense. For the next few years he lived a good deal in London, lodging—according to Mr. Durand—at the house of an apothecary in Paddington, where he passed as a gentleman. He spoke English remarkably well for a foreigner, sung, played the flute and the French horn, was free with his cash, and was, altogether, good company. "But," says Durand, "the chief bent of his inclination leaned towards navigation and fortification; he had always some little plans, purely the efforts of his own unformed genius, relative to those arts about him, which he was constantly showing to his companions; and never seemed so thoroughly happy as when he got with people that had a smattering of the above-mentioned sciences. The last time he was in England he lived in a court in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was there instructed in the mathematics by one Mr. Donnelly, an Irish gentleman, famous for his knowledge and abilities in mathematical studies."

He seems, then, to have passed his time in London in an easy, social, sometimes studious, occasionally dissipated manner; vanishing for months together, no one knew where, when his money ran short. Durant clearly knew nothing about him during these absences, beyond what Thurot himself chose to tell; and in that there was evidently a good deal of romance. It is, however, quite certain that he was actively engaged in smuggling; possibly in piracy also; and that his misdeeds brought him within the grasp of the law; but whether in England or France may perhaps be thought doubtful. His daughter, in her address to the French government in 1790, urging her claims for a pension, says that he was ruined by legal process in England, on suspicion of being engaged in contraband trade. But his daughter had no personal knowledge of Thurot; nor, at the time referred to, does Thurot seem to have been married, so that she could not learn anything of this, at first hand, from her mother; and Thurot himself was too much given to what is nautically known as "spinning benders," to permit us to attach much credit to any unsupported statement of his concerning

* The French notices of Thurot referred to are:—

- (1) *Adresse à Messieurs les Représentans de la Nation Française.* Par Mlle. Thurot. 1790.
- (2) *Vie du Capitaine Thurot.* Par M. —. Paris, 1791.
- (3) *Journal Historique du Capitaine Thurot dans sa Croisière sur les Côtes d'Ecosse et d'Irlande.* Dunkerque, 1760.
- (4) *Journal de la Navigation d'une Escadre Française, partie du port de Dunkerque aux ordres du Capitaine Thurot, le 15 Octobre 1759.*

his antecedents. Neither is it to be overlooked that Mlle. Thurot had a case to make out; that it was an object to show that her father had lost money through the English; and that, in 1790, implied abuse of England was not likely to do her cause any harm. Durand, on the other hand, says that he was imprisoned in France, first in Dunkirk and afterwards in Paris, for smuggling; the French laws, in respect to that offence, being extremely severe: and though it is quite possible that Thurot's peculiar views of commerce and navigation were objected to on both sides of the Channel, Durand's account is consistent, and apparently based on actual knowledge.

Nevertheless, smuggler or pirate, he had in France a reputation as a bold seaman; and when war was on the point of breaking out, his name was mentioned at court as that of a man likely to prove serviceable. The king sent him a commission in the royal navy, and his old patron, the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, procured for him the command of the "Friponne," a small sloop, in which he cruised, as before, in the Channel, waging a profitable war against English commerce.

Whilst thus employed, he is said to have conceived the possibility of setting fire to Portsmouth, and utterly destroying the dockyard. His plan was simplicity itself. He was to glide (*glisser*) into the harbor in the dead of night, in a large boat carrying fifty men. His biographer, M. —, thinks that nothing prevented his doing this but the jealousy of the aristocratic courtiers, and the carelessness of the minister who discussed the project in presence of some traitor, who sold the secret to the English government. Had it not been for that, it was only "necessary to elude the most active vigilance, and to face the guard of a harbor the entrance of which bristled with cannon." These, to Thurot, would have been trifles; but the English, being forewarned, took such additional precautions as rendered the brilliant scheme quite hopeless.

It is difficult to say how much, or how little, truth there is in this, but I see no reason to doubt that a wild and daring adventurer, like Thurot, may have proposed some such scheme; partly, perhaps, with a real intention of attempting it; partly also, with a view of being prevented by the government, and of adding to his reputation at a cheap rate. But certainly, if the project was seriously proposed, the French government refused to entertain it: instead of doing so, it appointed Thurot

to the command of a squadron to cruise in the Channel.

This squadron, consisting of two thirty-six-gun frigates, the "Maréchal de Belle-Isle" and the "Chauvelin," each mounting twelve-pounders on her maindeck, and two small sloops, sailed from St. Malo on July 16, 1757. Very shortly after starting, one of the sloops, looking out ahead, was picked up by some English cruisers; but the others escaped. On July 25, off Portland, they fell in with the English frigate "Southampton" (thirty-two guns, Captain Gilchrist), on her way from Portsmouth to Plymouth, with stores and specie. As the action that ensued is one which the French biographer considers especially glorious, it is well to point out that the French frigates were each of them more than a nominal match for the "Southampton;" that the two together had a very great superiority of force; that they attacked and were beaten off; and that whether they drew back, as Beatson says, or were unable to follow and prevent the "Southampton" making off, as M. — says, is a matter of little consequence. The main point is the same; that Thurot, with two frigates against one, each larger, heavier, and with a more numerous crew, did not capture the one;* and with the best will in the world, it is difficult to see the great glory which, from this non-capture, redounds to the French navy.

It looks to me, indeed, as if M. Thurot had conceived his special work to be plundering comparatively helpless merchant ships, rather than fighting sturdily defended men-of-war; and that, when he found the "Southampton" no easy capture, he stomach his loss — amounting, on board the "Belle-Isle" alone, to fourteen killed, twenty-six wounded — and hauled to the wind. Clearly it was no part of Captain Gilchrist's duty, when he was specially employed in carrying specie, to go out of his way to engage an enemy of more than double his strength. That this is the correct view to take of Thurot's conduct seems confirmed by the facts of another action which he fought off Flushing, on August 1, with the "Seahorse," a twenty-four-gun frigate, Captain Taylor. The "Belle-Isle," which, in her engagement with the "Southampton,"

* A statement of the comparative force of the combatants will put this in a clearer light:

Southampton	26	12-pounders	6	6-pounders	220 men.
Belle Isle	28	12-pounders	8	6-pounders	400 men.
Chauvelin	28	"	8	"	400 "
Total	56	12-pounders	16	6-pounders	800 men.

had suffered much in her rigging, had been partially dismantled in a squall off Ostend, and was in tow of the "Chauvelin," their sloop, the "Gros Thomas," in company, when the "Seahorse," with two small craft, the "Raven" and "Bonetta," bore down against them. After an engagement lasting three hours and a half, at first with the "Chauvelin" alone, and afterwards with the two together, the "Seahorse" was almost dismantled and had eight killed, seventeen badly wounded. She was of much smaller force* than either the "Belle-Isle" or the "Chauvelin," and ought to have been captured. That she was not, was due not so much to her material strength, as to the moral weakness of her opponents, who have boasted — as of a victory — of having forced her to sheer off. In point of fact, she was too much disabled either to sheer off or to continue the attack, and the French frigates were content to leave her and retire into Flushing.

It was September 18 before they were refitted, and they were scarcely well out of the port before they were chased in again by an English squadron, consisting, it is said, of three ships of the line and two frigates. The "Chauvelin" got back without difficulty; but the "Belle-Isle," carrying away her foretopsail yard, was overtaken, and sustained a heavy fire before she could escape. The French accounts of this affair are certainly exaggerated; and as the English have taken no notice of it, it is impossible to identify the squadron; the more so, as the *"Journal de la Croisière"* — written by an eye-witness, an officer of the "Belle-Isle" — has previously called the "Seahorse" and her little companions, "three frigates." The "Somerset" (seventy), and the "Rochester" (fifty), were on that coast at the time, and may possibly have chased the French frigates into Flushing; but it is difficult to believe that both or either of them were within pistol-shot of the "Belle-Isle," fired several broadsides into her, and did not sink her: it is not a question of human endurance, or French courage, but of the fundamental principles of hydrostatics.

When Thurot had again refitted, the two ships, "Belle-Isle" and "Chauvelin," stood out to the northward, and cruised with some success on the east coast of England and Scotland. On October 5 they were driven by stress of weather into the Moray Frith, and anchored off Banff, to the no small dismay of the provost and burghesses, who

expected nothing less than the enforcement of a heavy contribution. The accident of opportunity might have suggested this to Thurot, and there was no force to prevent him; but during the night the gale freshened; the "Chauvelin" parted her cables and drifted out to sea, leaving her anchors behind; and in the morning the "Belle-Isle" weighed, and went to look for her, very much to the relief of the towns-people of Banff, who, for once, realized the danger to which they were exposed so far as to raise a sum of 400*l.* to construct a battery for their future defence.*

The two ships did not meet outside, and we may conclude that the "Chauvelin" made the best of her way back to France: the "Belle-Isle," on the other hand, kept northwards; and having, under the Dutch flag, obtained some provisions at the Shetland Islands, crossed over to Bergen, picking up on her way (October 19) a prize, described as a royal frigate of twenty-six guns: this it certainly was not; but it may have been an armed merchant ship, or possibly a privateer. During this year the French cruisers were very active, and took — according to Beatson — five hundred and seventy-one British ships, most of which, however, were of trifling value. The number of prizes taken by us amounted to no more than three hundred and sixty-four; but of these, "one hundred and fifteen were either privateers of force or armed merchant ships, carrying a great number of guns, and manned with upwards of ten thousand seamen;" so that, on the whole, the balance was believed to be in our favor.

Thurot anchored at Bergen on October 30, and remained there a couple of months, refitting his ship, which, though only a month at sea, was much in want of it. Here a curious incident occurred, which marks the character of the man: he was short of naval stores — such as blocks, ropes, and spars; and offered to buy them from the captain of a French ship, in the port, consigned to a Norwegian merchant. The captain refused to sell; and Thurot, not to be balked, or, as his biographer puts it, "guided by his zeal for the interests of his country," sent a party on board, and with the strong hand seized on what he wanted; "an act of violence," adds M. —, "which would, under other circum-

* The "Statistical Account of Scotland" (vol. xiii., p. 20) gives a ludicrous description of the meeting of the corporation of Banff; the date there given (1759) is, however, a mistake: Thurot was not near Banff in 1759.

* Seahorse. 23 9-pounders & 3-pounders 160 men.

stances, have been most blamable," and which, as it was, nearly got him into trouble with the Norwegian authorities.

He left Bergen on December 25, and was no sooner outside than he got into a furious storm, which again dismasted the "Belle-Isle," whose ill-luck in that respect suggests that Thurot was not quite such a good practical seaman as he is represented. Under jury-masts, and with continual bad weather, the "Belle-Isle" was driven north beyond the sixty-fifth parallel; it was slowly and with much difficulty that she worked her way south again, and did not reach Gothenburg till February 1, 1758.

At Gothenburg Thurot remained till May 11; and then, going south, capturing several coasters and colliers, he was, on the 26th, off the entrance to the Frith of Forth, met and engaged by the "Dolphin" (twenty-four) and "Solebay" (twenty-eight). The two English frigates were beaten to a standstill, and Thurot, still satisfied with having secured his own safety, made no attempt to push his advantage to the point of victory: the match between the two sides was tolerably equal, though the "Belle-Isle" had a certain superiority both in weight of metal and in number of men; and, in boarding, might perhaps have carried one before the other could assist her: but she had lost nineteen killed, thirty-four wounded; and simple hard fighting was not the vocation of her crew.

Thurot, however, remained in Scotch waters, and made many prizes between St. Abb's Head and the Naze of Norway: his continued presence deeply impressed the coast population; his repelling the attack of the "Dolphin" and "Solebay" was magnified by vulgar report; and he became the bugbear of a people who were unaccustomed to the neighborhood of enemies' ships. Twelve vessels, mostly small snows, brigs, or brigantines, are named as prizes taken between May 26 and July 12; and on the 13th, off the Skaw, he encountered a fleet of merchant ships—seventeen armed pinks—presumably the Baltic trade. With these he had a brisk engagement; they mounted an aggregate of one hundred and thirty guns, and, clustering round the "Belle-Isle," seemed for a time as if they might take her; in the end, Thurot broke through them, put them to flight, and cut off one of their number, the "George and Joseph:" heavy rain and a dark night permitted the rest to escape.

The English government, wearied with the continual complaints about one frigate being left to threaten the coasts of England and Scotland, and almost to stop the

North Sea trade, sent several ships to look after the "Belle-Isle;" but though constantly chased, Thurot succeeded in eluding his pursuers, in maintaining his ground, and in making several captures, till towards the middle of August; when, finding the station too hot for him, he stretched across to the Faroe Islands. Having obtained some fresh provisions, he came back; and as the ship was making a good deal of water, put into Lough Swilly.

It gives a curious idea of the conditions of naval war in the year 1758, to read of an enemy's frigate quietly taking up her position in Lough Swilly to refit; but even then it was not safe to stay long. Thurot resumed his cruise, and off the west coast of Scotland and northern entrance to St. George's Channel, took several prizes; amongst which are named the "Henry," mounting eighteen guns; the "Charleston," of twelve guns, laden with cloth stuffs, from Liverpool to Carolina; the "Britannia," of fourteen guns, with porcelain, to New York; and the "Admiral Ruyter" of eighteen guns, laden with sugar, coffee, and indigo; but, formidable as the armament of these sounds, it must be borne in mind that the guns of a merchant ship were small, meant merely to repel any desultory attack of petty pirates, and were useless against a regularly armed ship; not one of these prizes seems to have even attempted any resistance.

By September 13 Thurot was back at Bergen, and cruising from there took again several prizes; but towards the end of the year he ran down to Ostend, and early in January discharged his crew and officers, or, as we should say, paid off, at Dunkirk.

M. Thurot seems now to have spent some time at Paris, and to have been consulted freely by the government as to the projected invasion of England. The public feeling of France—so far as France had a public feeling—was no doubt just then very bitter against England. Not only was England at war, and a natural enemy, but four times within the last two years had she defiled the soil of France; and though on the first occasion, the attempt on Rochefort, in September 1757, was altogether abortive, as is indeed related in "The Virginians," and on the last, the troops which landed near St. Malo, on September 3, 1758, were, to the number of eight hundred, killed, made prisoners, or driven into the sea at St. Cas, on the 11th, the success on the two other occasions had been sufficient to kindle not only material fires at the time, as at St.

Malo in June '58, but also very much and noisy indignation. The attack on Cherbourg, in August '58, was worst of all; and even St. Cas following directly afterwards could not wipe away the memory of it.

Cherbourg, though very different from what it now is, had been a pet fancy of Louis XV. and of Cardinal Fleury: there is no doubt that it was meant, from the beginning, as a standing menace to England: as such its docks had been dug out and fortified against wind and waves and English arms; and as such it was broken up and destroyed by the expedition under Commodore Howe, — "Black Dick" as he was more familiarly called: the mole and fortifications were turned over into the harbor and basins: the work of years was undone in a few days: it seemed almost in mockery that the gate of the grand sluice bore the inscription: —

Hanc jussit Lodovix, suasit Floræus, et undis
Curavit mediis Asfeldus surgere molem:
Non aliis votis almæ præsentior urbis.
Ars frænavit aquas, fluctus domuitque minaces;
Hinc tutela viget, stat copia, gloria crescit;
Hinc rex, hinc sapiens, herosque manebit in ævum —

which was, not unaptly under the circumstances, paraphrased by one of Howe's officers: —

Louis and Fleury must, with Asfeld, now
Resign to George, to Pitt, to Bligh and Howe.
One blast destroyed the labor of an age,
Let loose the tides and bid the billows rage:
Their wealth and safety gone, their glory lost,
The king's, the statesman's, and the hero's
boast.

The wrath of France and of the French government was extreme, and it was not lessened by Rear-Admiral Rodney bombarding Havre de Grace, on the 3rd and following days of July, 1759, as he wrote in his official letter, "for fifty-two hours without intermission, with such success that the town was several times in flames, and their magazines of stores for the flat-bottomed boats burnt with great fury, for upwards of six hours." Albion was to be crushed; Carthage was to be destroyed; and whilst the Marquis de Conflans and the Duke d'Aiguillon arranged this in the south, Thurot undertook, with a small force, to make a diversion in the north, according as circumstances rendered expedient.

The force put at his disposal for this purpose consisted of his old ship, the "Maréchal de Belle-Isle," now mounting

forty-four guns, of which four were eighteen-pounders; three smaller frigates, and two corvettes; and all of these, in addition to their complements, which were smaller than was usual in French ships, carried a number of soldiers, amounting in the aggregate to about twelve hundred: * these were borne for service on shore, under the command of a brigadier general, M. de Flobert. With this squadron, Thurot weighed from Dunkirk on October 15, 1759. On the 26th he arrived at Gothenburg, having not only passed through the English cruisers which, under Commodore Boys and Sir Piercy Brett, blockaded the coast of Dunkirk and Ostend, but taken several prizes on the way.

A quaint letter, which Durand has preserved, gives the impressions of a Liverpool skipper, a Captain Rimmer, who had seen the squadron at Gothenburg. The "Belle-Isle," he says, "has a black lion-head, and appears very ill-hogged in the mid-ships, and is painted black and red;" one of the other frigates "has a yellow lion-head standing remarkably high, is painted yellow and black;" and so on through the rest of them. The fashion which prevailed to the last, of painting ships of the line and frigates black with white stripes, and which was, I believe, definitely introduced by Sir John Jervis when in command of the Mediterranean fleet, no doubt had some advantages; but the artistic eye, comparing it with the fashions of the past, as exemplified in some of the models in the museum of the Royal Naval College, may almost regret the uniform simplicity which superseded them.

But a more remarkable passage in the letter just referred to, is that which speaks of the condition of the squadron: "The frigates when they came into Gothenburg were very foul, as if come off from a long voyage, and were destitute of many necessaries — had very few seamen on board; but full of land forces, commanded by a major-general; most of the soldiers were in blue, faced with white, and others all white. Whilst they remained at Gothenburg, nineteen days, they were fully employed cleaning their ships, getting new topmasts, new rigging for their vessels, victualling and watering; and the Swedes

* The squadron was: —

Maréchal de Belle-Isle	44	guns	600	men.
Bégon	36	"	600	"
Blonde	36	"	400	"
Terpsichore	24	"	300	"
Amarante	18	"	150	"
Faucon	18	"	150	"

assisted them all in their power, sending them their East Indian ships' boats to water with, and procuring them cables in lieu of those they had ordered to be made, which would have detained them before finished." And this after eleven days at sea from their first leaving France!

The squadron left Gothenburg on November 15, and meeting with a succession of southerly gales, was driven northward, and put into Bergen; the "*Bégon*" (thirtysix), presumably the "yellow and black" frigate mentioned by Captain Rimmer, and one of the corvettes had parted company; and as Bergen had been given out as a rendezvous, Thurot waited there for several days; they did not, however, appear, and he left without them on December 5.

The weather, that winter, seems to have been as persistently bad as it has been during the winter which is just passing away; and the squadron, now reduced to four ships, was driven away to the westward, and on December 28 came to an anchor in Westmanna-haven in Stromsøe, one of the Faroe Islands. Whilst there he wished to procure fresh provisions for his ships' companies; and as the governor made difficulties, he landed a party of men, at once to intimidate the authorities, and to lay hands on whatever they could get. The display of force was sufficient, and a small supply of bullocks, flour, brandy, and tobacco was sent on board. It may be noticed that at that time the Faroe Islands were a favorite haunt of smugglers, and a place of call for Danish and Dutch East Indiamen; now that smuggling, as well as these branches of the East India trade, has been done away, the resources of the islands have probably much diminished, and any supplies they could furnish would scarcely be worth the notice of a body of more than twelve hundred men.

During the stay of the squadron at Stromsøe a quarrel broke out between M. de Flobert and Thurot, which was the cause of serious embarrassment both then and afterwards. Flobert had displayed all along a feeling of jealousy at being subordinated to Thurot, as well as of pique at Thurot's refusal to communicate the tenor of his private instructions and the full purport of the expedition. A circumstance, trivial in itself, was sufficient to set the match to the ready fuel. Thurot had learned that one of the soldier officers had been grumbling about the hardships of the cruise, and the provisions, in what he rightly considered an unofficer-like way; and had felt it his duty to reprimand

him sharply. Flobert took up the matter in support of his junior; worked himself into a rage; and mad with passion, ordered up a corporal and two file of the guard to put Thurot under arrest. This obliged Thurot to produce an order from the king, in proof that he was absolutely commander-in-chief of the expedition; and Flobert—I quote here from the "*Life*," by M. ——"fearing to compromise his authority by persisting in his imprudent step, drew back, and the quarrel was for the time appeased; leaving, however, a leaven of animosity which continued to ferment, occasioned many difficulties, and threw into the minds of the soldiers a germ of insubordination which produced very bad effects."

In point of fact, this quarrel between Flobert and Thurot was an extreme instance of a cause which, in the last century, and in England more than in France, rendered futile so very many expeditions in which sea and land forces were required to act in conjunction. Of these, Vernon's failure at Cartagena in 1741 was perhaps the most marked and the most disastrous; but there were scores of others; and the constant recurrence of difficulties seems to point to a radically false system and an honest misunderstanding, rather than to mere captiousness and personal dislike. At the same time, it is too true that there was, between soldiers and sailors, a very mutual feeling of jealousy and contempt, which the officers in no small degree shared with their men. This was strong enough, no doubt, on the part of the soldiers; but was perhaps even stronger amongst the sailors, who saw their favored and courtly rivals, seasick and helpless on board ship, but had no opportunity of seeing them in their own sphere of duty and distinction. The pipe-clay, the powdered head, the stiff clothing and etiquette of the soldier, were all repulsive to the "tar" of the olden time. Had he been versed in Shakespeare, he would probably have described the object of his scorn in the words of Hotspur, as "neat and finely dressed—fresh as a bridegroom—perfumed like a milliner;" as it was, he drew up a table of precedence, which continued in vogue till not very many years ago: I have myself heard it said, and meant too: "A messmate before a shipmate; a shipmate before a stranger; a stranger before a dog; but—a dog before a soldier."

When we consider that, in our own annals, the only brilliant instance of perfect concord between two commanding

officers of the different services, not otherwise connected, was that offered by two exceptional men, — Rear-Admiral Saunders and Acting Major-General Wolfe — a concord which effected the fall of Quebec and the conquest of Canada, it is not to be wondered at if a French soldier of good family, M. de Flobert, was indignant at the circumstances that compelled him to act subalternately — or rather insubordinately — to a sailor, not even a genuine naval officer, an ex-smuggler, a privateer, a man of no family, a *roturier*, a François Thurot. Possibly, nay probably, Thurot was at fault in some of the conventionalities of French society, for he had never had any opportunity of seeing or practising them: but after all, Thurot's name lives in history; Flobert's probably comes before many readers now for the first time.

The constant succession of gales which obliged Thurot to remain at the Faroe Islands, compelled him to put the men on short allowance of bread, ten ounces per day, and to stop the double rations issued to officers and servants, promising, however, that they should be paid savings, that is, the equivalent in money. Flobert insisted that a council of war should be called, and stated that, in his opinion, as their force had been lessened by the loss of the two ships, "Bégon" and "Faucon," and was now weakened by the want of provisions, it was imperative on him to return to France at once. Thurot replied: the speech, as reported, is most likely apocryphal: but it has been accepted by the French, and serves at any rate to illustrate the sense in which they have considered his character. He said, then, — that as they could not get provisions at the Faroe Islands, they must go and look for them in England, where they would find abundance. That the winds, which had long been contrary, would change, and three days would bring them to their destination: the only honorable way to be useful to their country was to make a diversion, — which might lead to great results, — by attacking the enemy in their homes, and by braving all risks in this glorious attempt; certainly not by returning shamefully to France after so much toil and fatigue, without having ventured to undertake anything. For the rest, the direct route lay past England; and on the English coast he would land: it was absolutely necessary to make a descent; he was determined to do so; the reasons offered for a retreat so dishonorable as had been proposed could have no influence with a force on which the safety of the country

depended: and in fine, that to grumble at the difficulties, or even the calamities incidental to war, was not showing the courage and firmness necessary to the career of arms.

Thurot carried his point. On January 26, 1760, the squadron left Stromsøe, with a fresh wind from north-west, and by the 30th was on the north coast of Ireland. It was his intention to enter Lough Foyle, and attack Londonderry; there does not seem to have been anything to prevent him, except the weather, which, with a southerly gale, drove him off the coast. And meanwhile, a mutiny broke out amongst the officers of the troops, which was the more dangerous as the soldiers formed the largest part of the ships' companies. The "Amarante" deserted the squadron; the "Terpsichore" had arranged to do the same; Thurot hailed to say that if the wind did not shift he would run back to Bergen and get provisions; the "Blonde" replied that it was none too soon. M. de Rusilly, commanding the troops on board the "Terpsichore," complained bitterly of the short allowance of provisions, and said that all the officers were decided to return to France. Thurot pointed out that their doing so might lead to results disagreeable to themselves; but finding his authority set at naught, he consented, as a compromise, to go to Bergen.

The wind, however, now changed to the north-west, and he proposed to enter St. George's Channel; but Rusilly impudently notified to him, in the name of the officers of the "Terpsichore," that they were going to pass to the west of Ireland, and return to France. Thurot ordered Dernaudais, the captain of the "Terpsichore," to follow the "Belle-Isle," saying that if he refused he should be responsible before the king for his conduct. Rusilly answered that he would take all the responsibility on himself; that it was his intention, as soon as he arrived in France, to lay a complaint of Thurot's conduct before the court, and have him punished. Dernaudais, who had every wish to obey his commodore, was forced by Rusilly and the other soldier officers to yield, and to make off towards the west; Thurot fired a shot across the "Terpsichore's" bows; he had to fire a second before she would bring to; and Dernaudais, having gone on board the "Belle-Isle," had to prove that he had been constrained by his officers. He was sent back to his ship, bearing to the mutineers the assurance that they should be severely pun-

ished. The "Blonde" seems to have been just at that time more favorably disposed; she passed under the "Belle-Isle's" stern, and her captain, M. Larreguy, hailed that Thurot might count on him.

The next day, Thurot judged it necessary to reduce the ration of bread to eight ounces. Flobert ordered that only five ounces should be issued to the soldiers. These naturally complained that they got less than the sailors, and Thurot at once gave directions that they should get the same. Flobert, whose order seems to have been quite unwarranted—to have been given only to provoke disturbance amongst his men—was furious. He insisted on a council, and demanded that the captain should explain his navigation; for the day before it had been agreed that he was to enter St. George's Channel, and now he was standing towards Londonderry. Thurot replied that, in fact, he meant to go to Londonderry. Flobert asked what he would do if the wind still prevented his entering. In that case Thurot would continue his route. "Well then!" cried Flobert, "if to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, we are not in the port of Londonderry, and you do not then give up this project, I will have you arrested, and will myself take charge of the ship." Thurot is described as being more surprised than angry, and as contenting himself with saying, "If you take it in that way, there's nothing more to be said: your threats do not intimidate me; I do not fear you, and I defy you to arrest me."

Flobert, screaming with rage, rushed out of the cabin; ordered the sentry to prevent Thurot's leaving it, and called the guard to arms. Thurot took his pistols, pushed past the sentry, and went out on the quarter-deck. The guard had fallen in, but the men were unwilling to execute off-hand the orders of their commandant, whose fellows had, meantime, pointed out to him that he was exceeding his power. Flobert gave way; and Thurot, to put an end to the scandalous scene, and to prevent anything of the sort happening again, wished to read out his instructions from the king, and the commission appointing him commander-in-chief of the squadron. Flobert forbade the soldiers to listen to him. Thurot then said that he would have it posted up for all to read. Flobert gave orders that whoever attempted to post it up should be arrested. It was now Thurot's turn to give way; "he had the complaisance not to make his instructions public"—not to post them up—and so calm was restored.

That same night the "Belle-Isle" hove to off the entrance to Lough Foyle, and in the darkness her two consorts left her, having agreed between themselves to pass round to the west of Ireland. By a mistake in their reckoning, however, they rejoined her next day, but too late to carry out the commodore's purpose. The wind had shifted to the south-west, and it was no longer possible to enter the lough.

Meanwhile, in gales, disturbances, and quarrels, time slipped away. It was February 15; the daily allowance of bread was reduced to five ounces, and Thurot, firmly resolved not to go back to France, anchored in Claiageann Bay in the island of Islay. Here he learned from a man, McDonald, who came off as pilot, of the decisive defeat which Conflans had sustained. It was an event three months passed, but was news to him, and disturbed his plans, as he saw that, of course, the great project of invasion could not be carried out. He was, however, still unwilling to return without attempting something which might be for the honor, if not very much for the material advantage of France. But it was absolutely necessary, in the first place, to get some fresh provisions and bread, for his crews were sickly; and, as the population of the island, with the suppressive measures of the English government after "the Forty-five" still in their memories, refused to furnish any supplies, the natural course would have been to take them by force. This Thurot was unwilling to do; for his instructions were positive not to attempt any hostile landing in Scotland, where it was hoped the Jacobite feeling might itself make a diversion in favor of French arms.

In this dilemma he came to an arrangement with McDonald—who seems to have acted throughout as his agent—to land his men as a demonstration. It was the merest of demonstrations. The poor, half-starved, scurvy-smitten wretches, were no sooner landed than they "began to dig up every green thing they saw upon the ground, even the grass, which they devoured with the utmost eagerness." The bullocks, nevertheless, were produced; forty-eight were driven in, and after a difficulty with Flobert, who wished to "requisition" them, were very honestly paid for by Thurot. In a similar way, he got a small but grateful supply of oatmeal and flour; and putting to sea on the 19th, a Lisbon trader, laden with oranges, was, under the circumstances, a most valuable prize.

About midnight on the 20th he entered

Belfast Lough. On the previous evening he had detailed his plans to Flobert. "There are two objects before us," he had said, "Belfast and Carrickfergus. I will land you at Whitehouse. You will, in the first instance, attack Belfast; it is a rich commercial town, and has neither fortifications nor troops. Threaten to set fire to it, and the inhabitants will hasten to furnish the stores and provisions of which we are so much in need. You will be able, besides, to levy a large contribution. After that you will go to Carrickfergus, a town of but small size, and poor. It will be quite easy to seize on the castle, which is old, ruinous, and without defence. You will set at liberty the French prisoners who are there, and extract from the people such a contribution of provisions and money as their small means will permit; and will re-embark before the English ships are apprised of our landing. The whole thing is to be done off-hand; the enemy must not have time to organize any opposition."

The plan seems to have been excellent, but Flobert, purely out of contradiction, insisted on attacking Carrickfergus first. He would land at Kilroot, two or three miles to the north-east of Carrickfergus, or nowhere; and, unable to overcome his mutinous obstinacy, Thurot, sooner than do nothing, consented. The landing of about six hundred men was effected by noon on February 21, 1760.

As soon as Lieut.-Col. Jennings, who commanded at Carrickfergus, learned that three strange and suspicious ships had anchored at Kilroot, whilst waiting for further information he sent all the prisoners to Belfast, and made what preparations he could for defence. These were but few. Although Carrickfergus was, in a way, the military depot of the north of Ireland, the castle was ruinous, the town was unfortified, and there were in garrison only two hundred men, almost all young recruits, and, as yet, quite undisciplined. Accordingly, when Flobert attacked, little opposition could be made; the men retired into the castle, and after a short stand, in which some fifty French were killed and wounded, they capitulated on terms sufficiently favorable. The troops were not to be sent prisoners to France, but exchanged against an equal number of French; the castle (such as it was) was not to be demolished; the town was not to be burned or pillaged, but was, as a ransom, to supply the squadron with provisions. The course of events rendered these conditions practically vain; and though the town was not set on fire, it was pretty well ran-

sacked, as was, indeed, to be expected from men whose officers had set them no good example of obedience, and who had been confined on board ship for four months.

Thurot had meanwhile weighed, stood further into the bay, and anchored off Whitehouse. From there, on the next day, he landed, and in an interview with Flobert, pressed him to advance at once on Belfast, which, he understood, was defended by only two hundred men, and some militia. Flobert, notwithstanding this, and the wish of his own officers, refused to move.

The next day, the 23rd, Thurot wrote to Flobert, still urging him to attack Belfast; again pointing out that they could get plenty of provisions there, could levy a rich contribution, and that it would be easier to re-embark. That he could not stay long, as the enemy would gather in on him; that, in fact, he must sail the next day; and that, unless he got provisions, he would not re-embark the troops: it would be better that they should remain prisoners in Ireland than die of hunger on board. Flobert's reply to his commanding officer is a valuable commentary on the discipline of the period.

"If," he wrote, "you had done with your ships the hundredth part of what I have done with the quarter of my detachment, we should not be in the wretched plight in which, by your fault alone, we now are: for this you shall answer to the king, who, when he entrusted you with the conduct of a detachment, did not give you permission to sacrifice it, in a barefaced manner, in trying to carry out impossible and chimerical plans. If you had had the common sense to see that famine is the only evil without remedy, and beyond the courage of the king's troops, you would not now be reduced to the cruel threat of abandoning us to the discretion of the king's enemies. It is your duty to abide whatever may happen, rather than not re-embark the detachment. I summon you, in the king's name, to run all hazards rather than abandon us."

M. de Cavenac, who, on Flobert being wounded, had taken the command, wrote in much the same sense; and again, shortly afterwards, that the enemy were mustering in force, and that it was necessary to re-embark at once. Thurot, in threatening to abandon the troops, had undoubtedly threatened what he could not and durst not perform; and finding that their officers would not lead them against Belfast, he embarked them on the evening of the 25th. Of provisions he seems to have

obtained none, except a few potatoes. The mayor and three townsmen were taken on board as security for what had been demanded and promised; but as these were not forthcoming on the 24th, it was arranged that the town should pay 1,000*l.* instead; and two of the hostages were sent on shore to see about it; the two others, Mr. Chaplin the mayor, and Mr. Spaight, a merchant of Carrickfergus, being kept on board. Thurot was anxious to get out of the bay, but a stormy wind from the northward prevented him, and he could not weigh till midnight of the 27th. It was half past four on the morning of the 28th when he rounded the light on the island of Copeland.

The delay which had been enforced on him had permitted the government to bring up a small squadron from the south of Ireland. It cannot but appear strange that there should have been at that time no ships of war in the northern waters; for it had been known for weeks past that Thurot was on the coast, and great alarm had been felt at all places which were, or thought they were, worth attacking. At Whitehaven, where some two hundred merchant ships, coasting vessels and others, were lying, there was great excitement, and six hundred volunteers took up arms to defend the place; but how these were expected to defend the shipping does not appear. Liverpool in the same way, then rising fast into importance, and especially obnoxious for the number of its privateers, assembled a considerable number of troops, mostly of the local militia. An old townsman, who, under the name of a "nonagenarian," published his recollections a few years ago, has described the scene, which would be still fresh in the memory of his mother when he was a little boy.

"Everton Hill," he says, "was alive with people from the town waiting the freebooters' approach. A party of soldiers was then encamped on the hill, and I have been told the men had orders, on Thurot's appearance, to make signals if by day, and to light up the beacon if at night, to communicate the intelligence of the French fleet being off the coast to the other beacons at Ashurst and Billinge, Rivington Pike, and elsewhere, and so spread the news into the north; while signals would also be taken up at Halton, Beeston, the Wrekin, and thence to the southward."*

But there seems to have been no at-

tempt to defend the river, and Thurot might, practically without opposition, have done a good deal of mischief amongst the shipping, and have destroyed the rising fortunes of the Bolds, the Colquitts and others, whose names are perpetuated in the modern streets.

Notwithstanding all this preparation and excitement, no ships had been sent north; and when the Duke of Bedford, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, had news of the landing at Carrickfergus, he had to send, quite promiscuously, to the different seaports, to inform the captains of any of his Majesty's ships that might happen to be there of the enemy being on the coast. Luckily, and only luckily — that is to say, without any special orders — there did happen to be three frigates at Kinsale: the "*Æolus*" (thirty-two) Captain Elliot, "*Brilliant*" and "*Pallas*," each of thirty-six guns. These having weighed immediately, had come off the entrance of Belfast Lough on the evening of the 26th, but during the gale had not ventured inside: it was thus, that on the morning of the 28th, when the French squadron came round Copeland Island, it saw, and was immediately seen by, the "*Æolus*" and her consorts.

It was no part of Thurot's plan to fight a squadron of English frigates, and he did not wait for their attack. They gave chase, and closed with him about nine o'clock; the "*Æolus*," leading, engaged the "*Belle-Isle*;" the "*Pallas*" and "*Brilliant*," as they came up, assisted her; and after a smart action, lasting for about an hour and a half, Thurot was killed, and his ship hauled down her colors. The "*Blonde*" and "*Terpsichore*" had not shown any wish to fight, and being chased by the "*Pallas*" and "*Brilliant*," struck almost at once; they thus sustained little or no damage or loss; but the "*Belle-Isle*" had suffered considerably in men, in spars, and in hull. Captain Elliot, in his official letter, estimates the enemy's loss, in killed and wounded, at three hundred; the French accounts — probably not including the less severe cases — speak of ninety *hors de combat*; and whichever account we accept, the loss was very great, and had fallen almost entirely on the "*Belle-Isle*," which was also with difficulty kept from sinking, as she was taken, with the other prizes, into Ramsay Bay, in the Isle of Man.

The presence of the French frigates on the coast had caused such vivid alarm, that the rejoicing over their capture was something excessive, and was accompanied by much boasting. The action was no doubt highly creditable to Elliot and

* "Recollections of Old Liverpool," by a Nonagenarian, p. 146. Liverpool, 1863.

his companions, and a very important service was performed just when it was most needed; but there was not in reality, much to boast about. Nominally the French squadron was superior to the English; independent of the result, it was not so effective; the French guns were heavier, but several had been struck below during the bad weather in the Northern seas, and had not been remounted; the ships too were of slighter scantling, the "Belle-Isle" more especially, which was badly hogged even at Gothenburg, and after her capture was not thought worth buying into the service. The number of men, again, was nearly double that of the English, but of these many were sickly, if not sick; and the bulk were soldiers, who — under such officers as they had — were not only useless in action, but worse than useless, as getting in the way, and swelling the list of killed and wounded. Even had the "Blonde" and "Terpsichore" stuck gallantly by their consort, the result must have been the same; for the three English frigates were in good order, well manned and ably commanded; but the manner in which these two kept aloof, by throwing the whole weight of the contest on the "Belle-Isle," rendered it beyond question easier, and the sooner come at.

About Thurot himself there seems little room for doubt; his contemporaries, alike friends and enemies, speak of him as a bold, daring man, active, energetic, and full of resource; and the fact that during the greater part of three years he kept the English coast in a state of continued apprehension, escaping from, eluding, and, when need was, fighting the English cruisers with which the narrow seas were swarming, is sufficient evidence of his high qualities as a corsair and a leader of a flying squadron. I have already shown how, on different occasions, he declined to push his success against English ships of war to a decisive issue; notably against the "Southampton" and against the "Seahorse" — against this last more especially. In doing so I have not wished to impute any base motive to Thurot, whose courage must have been of proof; but I do think that both these actions, and in a less degree that which he fought against the "Dolphin" and "Solebay," illustrate the principle which was then, and continued to be during the century, the ruling principle of the French navy — that of avoiding decisive action; * a prin-

ciple which might occasionally lead to strategic advantage, but which on the other hand exposed them to great tactical danger and absolute loss — as was clearly exemplified on November 20, 1759, "*la journée de M. de Conflans*" — and which effectually prevented their winning any brilliant success. Thurot fought well when he was forced to fight, but he consistently avoided action whenever he could avoid it: and when he could not, he quitted it at the earliest possible opportunity. He thus, throughout his career, obtained only the reputation of an active and untiring corsair. Had it been otherwise, he might have gained a higher reputation as a warrior, by capturing the "Southampton" or the "Seahorse," against each of which he had an overwhelmingly superior force; and at the last, might have made a much sturdier resistance against the "Æolus" and her consorts. Had he stood boldly towards the English squadron, his companions would scarcely have had the unblushing cowardice to stand away; but as he crowded sail from the enemy, they did the same; and by rate of sailing and accident of position, had an excuse — sufficient for them, though it would not have been sufficient for single-hearted, honest, and honorable men — to keep out of the fight.

As to the conduct of M. de Flobert, and the whole body of soldier officers, the story of which throws a curious light on the capabilities or incapacities of French discipline, there can be but one opinion. Whatever grievances he had, or thought he had, it was his duty to his country and his king to have backed up the commodore. His complaints, might and should have waited, after due remonstrance, till their return to France. There can be little doubt that had Flobert entered into Thurot's views and schemes, Belfast would have been sacked. Against a sudden onset such as Thurot proposed, there were no possible means of effective resistance; though after three days' delay, things would certainly have been very different.

And the history of Thurot's whole career, and more especially of this last campaign, seems to me to show that a naval force, however numerous and active, is not in itself sufficient to protect our commerce from loss, our coasts from insult, and our towns from pillage, at the hands of a small squadron, or even of a single ship, commanded by a man of talent and enterprise. That Thurot failed in inflicting very serious loss on our towns and our shipping, seems to have been due not to

* Compare "*Victoires et Conquêtes*," tom. vii., p. 251.

any wise precautions of the government, though the elder Pitt was secretary of state, not to the superior might of our navy, though that crushed him at last; but to the exceptional severity of the season, to the inherent weakness of French sailors, the inefficiency of French equipment, and the bad discipline of French soldiers. But it is not wise always to trust our safety, our prestige, or our honor either to the caprice of the weather, or to the presumed incapacity of a possible enemy.

In person, Thurot is described as of middle height, stout built and well made, "rather robust than genteel, rather comely than handsome; very brown and extremely florid, with a small scar under his left eye." Of his private life we know little or nothing; he died poor, leaving an Irishwoman (*née* Smith) who passed as his wife, and a daughter six months old, dependent on the State, which, at that time, meant Madame de Pompadour. We find the daughter coming forward in 1790, with a petition for further support, and being awarded, at the instance of Barrère, a pension of one thousand francs. His biographer, M. —, says that he married about the year 1750; but according to Durand, who appears to write in good faith and of personal knowledge, he was about that time and after, living in Shadwell with an Irish lady whom he had picked up in that not very reputable neighborhood. Whether this was Miss Smith, the future Mme. Thurot, or not, must remain a matter of opinion.

J. K. LAUGHTON.

From Temple Bar.

RUSSIAN COURT LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CATHERINE ALEXIEWNA I. AND ANNE IVANOWNA.

THE eighteenth century is remarkable for the number of female sovereigns who in the course of it controlled the affairs of Europe and exercised an influence, as often baneful as beneficial, on the destinies of their own and other countries. In England the reign of Queen Anne, with its valiant generals and military successes, its distinguished men of letters, science, genius, and wit, ushered in the century brilliantly. In the latter part of the preceding one, in semi-barbarous Russia, the haughty and ambitious Princess Sophia

Alexiewna, who, as regent, had governed absolutely and sternly, and commanded that the coin of the realm should bear her image, disliking to lay down her power for a gloomy life in a monastery—a retreat to which the princesses of her nation were in that day generally consigned—intrigued to supplant her half-brother, Peter the First, in order to reign alone as czarina. The young czar, before setting out on his travels to learn shipbuilding and other useful arts, had put down Sophia's partisans, dispelled her hopes of deposing him, and condemned her to the life she had so dreaded. During his absence the Strelitz revolted and invited Sophia to leave her monastery for the throne. On learning this, Peter, full of fury, hastened back to Moscow, and after quelling the revolt, ordered atrocious cruelties to be inflicted on the rebels, and with his own hands helped to execute them. The corps of Strelitz, or fusileers, originally formed by Ivan the Terrible, Peter disbanded, and finally, in the first year of the eighteenth century, shut up Sophia for life, and compelled his weak-minded half-brother Ivan to reside on his estates at some distance from the capital.

From 1725 the czarinas Catherine the First, Anne Ivanowna, the regent Anne of Brunswick, and Elizabeth Petrovna reigned with a very high hand over "all the Russias" for upwards of thirty-three years. With the accession of Elizabeth (misnamed "*la clémante*") to the throne of the czars, in 1741, began almost simultaneously the long and troubled reign of near forty years of Maria Theresa, the empress-queen of Austria and Hungary; of whom Frederick the Second, after her death in 1780, truly said, "She was an honor to her sex and to the throne," adding, "I made war upon her, but personally was never her enemy." After Elizabeth, Catharine the Second, "*la grande Catherine*," as she has been called, and who, undoubtedly, was the most remarkable woman of her time, swayed the Russian sceptre despotically for thirty-four years. Generally, too, with the selfish, unflinching hardness more characteristic of a *step-mother*, than with the anxious solicitude to promote the prosperity and happiness of her subjects which the title—in adulation bestowed on her by servile flatterers—of "*mother of her people*" would seem to imply. This century of reigning European empresses and queens closed with the reign of Donna Maria the First, of Portugal, under whom the great Marquês de Pombal, the Richelieu of his nation,

was persecuted and disgraced; his efforts for the regeneration of his country thwarted, and his work everywhere undone at the instigation of a crafty, unprincipled priesthood, who ruled the weak mind of their timid and superstitious sovereign, who eventually became insane.

The *naïve* remark of the young Duchess of Burgundy to Louis the Fourteenth and Madame de Maintenon, that "when queens reign men govern, and women govern when kings reign" — so often repeated that it has passed into a proverb — tested by the experience of the eighteenth century, would seem to apply even more forcibly to kings than to queens. Though the well-governed Louis himself did not admit that it was fairly applicable to kings, or to France at all, where the Salic law, so wisely as he said, excluded women from sovereign power. But no queens have governed more arbitrarily than those eighteenth-century queens of the *main gauche* (if that term be allowable) the devout but wily De Maintenon; the ably diplomatic De Pompadour; the triumphantly audacious Du Barry. And none ever caused more misery by the secret exercise of undue influence than the volatile and unfortunate queen-consort of Louis the Sixteenth.

But the sceptre so despotically swayed by the female sovereigns of Russia was not guided by men. The numerous unworthy favorites raised by these women to places of power and trust merely availed themselves of their weaknesses and vices, and the opportunity of tyrannizing over and plundering the unhappy people, in order rapidly to amass wealth while their uncertain tenure of favor lasted. And by a long course of the depravity that led to this species of misrule and constant change of rulers, tyranny, corruption, and licentiousness became under the czarinas the very essence of the Russian system of government. Catherine the Second, without abandoning the system, greatly modified it. For with the vices of her predecessors she also possessed the great ambition of playing before the world the part of an able ruler and powerful sovereign. Her influence has extended even to the present day in the aggressive policy handed down to and adopted by her successors; who have invariably acted in accordance with it whenever a pretext could be found, or opportunity offered, for "rectifying the frontiers," or giving "a more uniform line to the limits" of their vast and ever-expanding empire. The rapacious Catherine's most cherished ob-

jects have been always kept steadily in view, and especially that which became a passion with her — the realization of her Oriental system in the fulfilment of the "Heaven-assigned mission of Russia" (supposedly propounded by Peter the First) to expel the fanatic Turk from his European territory, and, in the interests of his Christian brethren, of course, to annex it to that of "all the Russias," in order to found there an eastern empire, with Constantinople for its capital.

It is singular that a semi-barbarous country, whose women until so recently had for ages been the mere abject slaves of enslaved men, should afford the almost single example of having been despotically governed during the greater part of a century by five or six female sovereigns in succession; the short reign of the child Peter the Second and the six months of that of the unfortunate Peter the Third alone intervening — Anne of Brunswick having ruled as regent during the few months that her baby, Ivan, was acknowledged as czar. The Russian women owed their emancipation to that grand, intellectual barbarian Peter the First. A man of iron will, large views, and great tenacity of purpose; of powerful physique; coarse, brutal, and criminal. Yet a man in every respect as well fitted to trample on long-cherished customs and national prejudices as to cope with the difficulties of consolidating the scattered and thinly populated provinces of the wild wastes of Russia into one vast empire, and of overcoming the resistance nature seemed to oppose to his project of laying in a swamp the foundations of a great city, in order to give to that empire — with an eye to future conquests — a second capital directly communicating with the Baltic. In the carrying out of this project human life was as largely and remorselessly sacrificed as at Versailles and Marly to the whims of another equally callous but more refined and effeminate despot — *le grand monarque* — for "the now stately granite-built St. Petersburg rests upon a bed of human skeletons."

Such court life as there was under the rule of Peter the First was in every way the reverse of courtly. The manners and domestic habits of the czar and his associates were rather those of savages than of a people on whom even the first gleams of civilization had dawned. At the court dinners Peter entertained a mixed assemblage of shipwrights and other artisans, generals, priests, ministers of state, merchants, ambassadors, and people of all

grades and trades employed on his works. The workmen, in the dress of their calling, filled the places of honor next the czar, who appeared in the same kind of coarse woollen clothing. Other guests who could find seats at the festive board took possession of them *sans cérémonie*. Those who could not stand around, getting stray morsels "by hook or by crook," and in the intervals refreshing themselves with "potations pottle deep" of brandy and common Tokay; for in them the czar allowed of no stint to his guests and in no wise stinted himself. Before the repast was half finished the company was uproarious, and in the end, inflamed by strong drink, more ferocious than wild beasts — never separating until, in their drunken frenzy, while fighting and blaspheming, they had inflicted some bodily injury on each other. And the more the blood flowed, the merrier the meeting, and the more to the taste of the czar. From these royal banquets the class called the old aristocracy was rigidly excluded. It consisted of families who plumed themselves on their descent from the bold Scandinavian private Rurik, who founded the Russian empire during the ninth century. They were generally wealthy, and pompous in manner, from pride in their ancient lineage; ostentatious, and of indolent habits — an unprofitable part of the community, Peter considered, and therefore particularly obnoxious to him. Gradually he humbled and crushed them; leaving them only the privilege of appearing on great State occasions at court. Even then he marked his contempt for them by assigning them places far below those of his own nobility — the men who by service had obtained military rank, held offices of trust in the State, or were skilful superintendents of his dockyards or works.

The festive board of the czar, as may well be imagined, had not hitherto been graced by the presence of the fair sex. From all the rude hospitalities, social enjoyments, and court revels of the time — such as they were — woman was banished. She lived in Oriental seclusion, but not in luxury. She was the slave of her lord and master; must not sit in his presence, or eat at the same table. Sometimes her spirit rebelled, her courage rose, and with a dagger or poisoned cup she freed the earth and herself from a tyrant. But what, then, was her fate? He might have struck her down with impunity, but she, unless she had arranged to fly to the protection of one more powerful, and perchance more humane, than he, was seized immediately,

loaded with fetters, and her tongue cut out. Had she not profanely dared to speak reproachfully of her lord, and lifted her sacrilegious hand against him? Cut it off then; brick her up in a wall, or bury her in the earth up to her chin, and there let her slowly die, a warning to disobedient and rebellious wives. Alas! for poor Russian women in those days.

But a better time was at hand. Peter was not always engaged in chopping off a dozen refractory heads in a morning, and drinking off a goblet of brandy between each operation. He knew, barbarian though he was, that Russia was far, very far behind the kingdoms of the West in civilization. He desired to raise her to their level; it would conduce to her material greatness, and was therefore a subject much in his thoughts. His far-seeing views suggested to him the amelioration of woman's social position, and her introduction into society as a means towards its modern reorganization. This keen observer had not failed to notice when visiting foreign courts the beneficial and civilizing effect of woman's presence there, and the deference and respect with which she was treated. The ladies of the court under the Orléans regency were certainly not models of virtue, but the grace and refinement with which they veiled their vices are said to have captivated Peter. Curiosity, too, to see the woman who had had so much influence in the councils of Louis, induced the czar to request permission to visit Madame de Maintenon, then near her end, and residing at St. Cyr.

After his second return to his country, he himself set the first example of the reform he wished to introduce. He determined to publicly marry his Livonian mistress, the Lutheran priest's servant-maid, Martha, taken captive at the siege of Marienburg by General Bauer, who ceded her to the powerful Prince Menschikoff, from whom she was transferred to the czar at his urgent request. For years she had followed the camp with him and borne uncomplainingly his frequent outbursts of drunken frenzy and the application of the cane to her back. But she managed her ferocious hero with excellent tact, and by energy united to persuasion was of real service to him at Pruthi. When surrounded there by the Turkish army she urged him to attempt negotiations with the grand vizier, and herself collected all the money and valuables in the camp and sent them to that high functionary to induce him to forbear pressing his advantage, and she prevailed. The Turks had the czar

in their clutches, but allowed him to escape on his undertaking to restore Azof and withdraw from the Black Sea. These conditions he fulfilled with sullen rage, but he acknowledged his obligations to Martha, and privately married her, when after making the Greek confession of faith (repeating the Athanasian creed) she took the name of Catherine Alexiewna. He then married her publicly, and in 1724, the year before his death, she was crowned at Moscow, with great pomp and splendor. The czar himself robed her in the imperial mantle, which was of cloth of gold lined with ermine, and placed the crown on her head. At the conclusion of the ceremony the crown and sceptre were carried before her, preceded by Peter at the head of a newly-formed regiment, named, in honor of the occasion, "*les Chevaliers de l'Impératrice*." The princes of the empire followed, bearing the train of the "great and orthodox empress," Catherine Alexiewna. Thus, to the accompaniment of a furious clang-clanging of all the bells of Moscow, was the first empress of Russia proclaimed. The czars before Peter's time had not assumed the imperial title.

No time was lost in issuing a ukase, which was expected at once to transform the hitherto semi-barbarous court of Russia into a brilliant rival of that of Versailles. The nobles, the officers of state, the merchants, even the old aristocracy, all indeed who frequented the court, were commanded henceforth to bring with them their wives and daughters, mothers and sisters. Also to open their houses once or twice in the week, from four till ten P.M., for the entertainment of each other's families; and should there be any marriages on the *tapis*, Peter ordered that no betrothal should take place until, by this new system of mutual visiting and family intercourse, the young people had had for some weeks an opportunity of becoming acquainted.* But national prejudices, based on the custom of ages, could not immediately give way, even before the strong will and ukase of an imperial despot. Many men neither approved of nor saw any wisdom in innovations, according so large a share of liberty to women. They even murmured — *sotto voce*, be it understood, for they had a wholesome dread of the knout and Siberia. Some of the poor crushed women, or women without spirit, from long seclusion, poor things, also shrank from the ordeal of a first ap-

pearance in public. But Peter resolved that his Katinka's court should be fully attended, and all defaulters, or transgressors of the rules of the new code of fashion, were condemned to swallow, at one draught, an enormous tankardful of brandy — the tankard from its form and size was called the "great eagle of Russia." This decree was certainly a gross mistake on the part of a reformer who desired to bring the decencies of society into vogue.

More select dinners, however, were now given than formerly; for though the shipwrights were still the czar's most welcome and honored guests, some little attention to *toilette* was exacted. They had to wash and brush up a bit after work and to don their Sunday coats; for did not the zarina and the ladies who attended her now put in an appearance, and arrayed in the last Paris fashions? Peter had provided himself for great court receptions with a coat of rich blue silk, fringed and be-tasselled, and embroidered with gold. It was therefore but reasonable that he should ask both men and women to conform in their dress to a pattern he had brought from the West. They were required, to adopt a new style of headdress, and the men were to shave off their beards or pay a fine. The czar had turned his attention also to music, and had organized a fine band. The halls of the palace were swept and garnished, and weekly the imperial pair issued invitations to a court ball. For arriving late a whole party of his ministers on one occasion was thrashed, and even Menschikoff was caned for wearing his sword while dancing. If the head of any family, smothering his rage, expressed his deep regret that his women-kind were unable to attend, and humbly prayed their Majesties to excuse them, forthwith Peter despatched his servants, or officers of the household, and compelled these recusants of the new order of things to come to the entertainment to which they had been bidden. The *coiffeurs*, the *modistes*, and other *artistes* in the needs of fashion were invited to settle in the Russian capital, with promise of especial privileges. Katinka patronized them lavishly, and the ladies of her court followed suit. She had cast off forever her coarse woollen coats, and was now always draped with richest silks, wrapped in choice furs, and decked with gold and jewels rare. Emancipated woman, reconciled to the strangeness of liberty, soon made the fullest use of it. And many a benediction was fervently invoked by rosy lips on the domestic-reforming czar, while many a

* It had hitherto been customary for them to see each other for the first time at the ceremony of betrothal.

curse on him, deeply growled, issued from between the clenched teeth of discomfited lords and masters. Peter is said to have established and edited at this time a Russian newspaper, but we are not told whether it contained any fashionable court news. Its circulation must indeed have been limited, whatever its contents, as few, very few, were then able to read.

During Peter's Persian campaign, in 1722, he suffered greatly from an internal complaint; but he refused medical aid, and his extreme intemperance considerably increased his disorder. Its attacks became henceforth more frequent and more intensely painful. The agony he endured made him even more than usually violent, and almost constant delirium ensued; until at last his strong frame gave way, and the struggle ended in death, on the 28th of January 1725. He was fifty-two years of age, and had reigned twenty-three — for some years conjointly with Ivan and under the regency of the Princess Sophia. It is considered doubtful whether Peter intended that Catherine should succeed him as reigning empress. His son Alexis, by his first marriage, had been condemned by him to be beheaded, but died (by poison it is believed) in his prison on the day preceding that named for his execution. He had been disinherited some years before, after the birth of Catherine's son, who died in his childhood. But the wretched Alexis (the counterpart of his father in his grossness and vices, but wanting his energy and ability) had left a son, who at Peter's death was nine years of age. Some expressions of remorse uttered by the dying czar in his few lucid moments seemed to indicate a desire to atone for his barbarity, as a father, by a last act of justice to his grandson. However, the final attack of his painful complaint came upon him more suddenly and severely than before, and was of shorter duration. It was, indeed, slanderously whispered that Catherine (to revenge the inhuman infliction of capital punishment on her favorite chamberlain, Mœns de la Croix, of whom the czar was furiously jealous) had had a hand in shortening Peter's sufferings. By his deathbed stood his most trusted minister and Catherine's firm friend, the wealthy and powerful Prince Menschikoff, and with him Archbishop Théophane of Pliskoff, the former raised by Peter from the position of a workman to that of a prince of the empire, general of the armies, and first minister of state. These witnesses of the great autocrat's death interpreted the broken sen-

tences he gasped forth — "*remettes à rendre tout*" — and his ineffectual attempt to write what he could not speak, as the expression of his wish that Catherine should succeed him, and the Archbishop of Novgorod, who crowned her, sanctioned it. For several hours his death was kept secret, to enable Menschikoff to take measures for insuring the widow's succession to the throne. The people had sworn to accept the sovereign elected by Peter to reign over them. The regiment of "*Chevaliers de la Czarina*" immediately declared for her, and the army generally followed their example. She was popular with the troops. They had received many proofs of her kindness and good-will when she accompanied the czar on his military expeditions. She had then rendered them the services of a *vivandière*, and bandaged their wounds, after Peter, who was his own army surgeon (he had acquired in Holland some knowledge of surgery), had handled his lancet, or reduced a dislocation. Thus supported, Menschikoff informed the nation of the death of the czar, and proclaimed the accession of the czarina — "the daring and promptitude of a journeyman pastry-cook," as was said at the time, "quietly, and without a word of opposition, seating a Livonian peasant servant-maid on the throne of all the Russias." Into Catherine's hands he put the sceptre, but took into his own the government of the country.

Menschikoff was a man wholly destitute of culture, and naturally rough-mannered and boorish; but he was active-minded, energetic, and full of resource — a genius somewhat after the pattern of Peter, yet less ferocious, and possessing a power, wanting in the czar, of assuming a certain air of dignity and adapting his demeanor in some measure to the importance of the high office he filled. Honors had been heaped upon him for his great military and other services, and he had been permitted to amass enormous wealth. His serfs might be counted by tens of thousands, his roubles by millions, the value of his diamonds, jewels, and plate at the same rate, and his landed estates were so extensive that he could have crossed Russia from Riga on the shores of the Baltic to the Caspian Sea without leaving his own domains. While Catherine lived, Menschikoff held absolute sway in her realm, and generally he aimed at carrying out the views of the late czar. Many banished families were recalled from Siberia by the czarina's desire; the long arrears due to the troops were paid, and many of

Peter's atrociously inhuman punishments were, by her order, altogether abolished. Reading and writing were accomplishments that neither she nor her minister possessed. Her daughter Elizabeth read and signed for her all the State papers that Menschikoff's confidential secretary had, under his orders, prepared.

Catherine the First was not an ambitious woman. Her handsome face and fine figure had first attracted Peter's attention; her vivacity, her invariable good-humor, her ready comprehension of his plans, and, when able, her desire to aid in developing them, gained her his lasting affection and favor. Accompanying him in his various military expeditions, she had led a very hard life in her early days, and while the vigilant eyes of her master were upon her she was active in her habits, diligent in the performance of the new duties of her station, and cheerful in temper; but when they were closed in death and she was invested with sovereign power, Catherine did not rise to the occasion, but degenerated sadly. She had been accustomed to sip brandy and Tokay with Peter, who would hand her his goblet to partake of his liquor, but did not allow a separate one to be filled for her—he liked abstemiousness in women though he did not approve of it for himself. Smoking, to some extent, is a national habit, but Catherine, now unrestrained, took to brandy-drinking and smoking to excess, and sloth and intemperance soon made inroads on her already much-tried constitution. At her balls there was more drinking than dancing. Dissipation reigned unchecked at her court, and soon all decency was banished. The nobles and ministers began to murmur, and to ask why for this low-born, profligate woman their lawful sovereign, the son of Alexis, should be deprived of his rights? The absolute authority wielded by Menschikoff also displeased them; it even gave offence to the officers of the army, of which he was commander-in-chief. Plots and intrigues were rife. Catherine would probably have been deposed, but disease, brought on by her shameful excesses, ended her career, after a reign of little more than two years, on the 18th of May, 1727. She availed herself of her power to elect her successor, and would gladly have left the imperial diadem to her minister Menschikoff, but he forbade it. He knew that a storm was already brewing over his head, and, anxious to escape from it, recommended the zarina to make a will naming the grand duke Peter Alexowitch to succeed her—

in accordance with the wishes of the court and army—and with her own implied if not actually expressed promise, intended to conciliate opponents, when she first addressed the nobles and ministers as their sovereign. Catherine followed his advice, concluding her testament with motherly counsels and cautions to the youthful czar, then eleven years of age, and enjoining him to marry Menschikoff's daughter, Maria. Thus she hoped to secure the continuance in power of her own and Peter the First's favorite minister; though the czar, according to the document called his will, had recommended that future sovereigns of Russia should choose wives from among the princesses of the German courts, in order to avoid the many inconveniences to the State that arose from marrying their own subjects.

No sooner was the boy Peter the Second seated on the throne than he fell into the hands of the Dolgorouki family, of the old aristocracy. Dolgorouki and Osterman, who had been Menschikoff's colleagues under Peter and Catherine, envied the chief minister his influence and power. The time was now come to cabal against him, and to achieve his downfall, and for this purpose they employed the means which were to have helped him to retain his sway of the empire. They contrived to introduce to the young czar a rival playmate to Maria, in the person of Catherine Dolgorouki, a pretty little lively girl two years his junior, and a desperate little coquette. Peter and Maria had shown no inclination for each other's society. The enemies of Menschikoff had secretly told the boy that Maria was destined to be his wife, and he, in consequence, had begun to look upon her with much suspicion and awe; while she, poor child, to whom her parents had given similar hints, was rather afraid of Peter, and made him a very dull playmate. But when little laughing Katinika skipped on the scene, she soon seduced the czar of all the Russias from his allegiance. He was greatly taken with her, and, sad to say, she scornfully turned up her little nose at Maria, who was two years older than herself, and of the same discreet age as the czar. He too flouted the supposed bride-elect, who was fain to dissolve into tears as the thoughtless and heartless young couple, with the sauciest air in the world, flirted and danced together at the juvenile balls and entertainments, then first given at the palace for the amusement of this shameless young autocrat.

This little comedy, so amusing to the

children, and no less so to many of the elders who looked on, had the effect on Menschikoff that was intended by those who had helped to get it up—it greatly annoyed the arbitrary minister. Some hasty expressions were construed into threats, and complained of to the Senate—a council composed of the ministers and a certain number of the nobles, and established by Catherine at the suggestion of Menschikoff, to advise her on difficult questions of State. His enemies also accused him of appropriating the finances of the country, and the accusation was most probably well founded. But it was customary in Russia during the last century, and maybe well into the present one, for a set of men out of office who saw a chance of displacing those who were in, to bring charges against them of peculation; not that they cared to prevent the plundering of the State, their object was to succeed to the vacant places and take their turn at plundering too. Menschikoff, therefore, paid the ordinary penalty of being too wealthy and powerful. If his enormous riches were ill-gotten, he had now to give them up. His sumptuous palaces and vast estates were confiscated. His gold and silver plate, his diamonds and rare gems, his pictures and valuable *objets d'art* (his tastes were far more artistic than those of the shipwright czar, his style of living far more sumptuous) were seized, ostensibly for transfer to the imperial treasury; but the spoil passed through many hands, and was much diminished in bulk before reaching the coffers of the State. Finally, Menschikoff was degraded, and with his wife and family banished to Beresov, on an allowance of a few roubles per day. His spirit was deeply wounded, bowed to the earth, by this stroke of ill-fortune. Amidst the snows of Siberia he seems to have felt deeply the vanity of earthly hopes and human wishes, for he turned his thoughts to religion, and strove to find resignation to his fate in acts of piety, and in endeavoring to reconcile his family, by his own example, to their lot of poverty and toil. He labored with others in felling trees in the forest for the erection of a wooden chapel, and when it was finished performed some of the lay offices in it. Still, the crushed hopes of his vast ambition lay heavy on his mind, and the severity of the climate so much affected the shattered health of the old general that in 1729, less than two years from his arrival in that ice-bound land, he died, having supported disgrace with a dignified humility strongly

contrasting with the haughty pride with which he had borne his honors. At about the same time Peter the Second was carried off by an attack of malignant small-pox. He was the last of the male line of the Romanoff family, and his short reign ended before he had completed his fourteenth year. The two brothers Dolgorouki were then all-powerful in the government, and had the young czar lived to attain his majority, little Katinka, it has been said, would have had a fair chance of becoming his czarina. But fate willed it otherwise, and the next turn of fortune's wheel doomed her father to set out for that snowy grave of so many of the Russian nobility in the "half-dark land" to which he had so greatly contributed to send his former colleague, Menschikoff.

In February 1730 the younger Dolgorouki and two other nobles arrived at Mittau to inform the duchess of Courland, Anne Ivanowna, daughter of Ivan, half-brother of Peter the First, that, as the female representative of the elder branch of the Romanoffs, she had been elected by the Senate to the vacant throne of Russia, and the army was said to have approved the choice of the Senate. Unwilling, however, again to allow the uncontrolled power exercised by the czars to be placed in a woman's hands, a council, independent of the Senate, had been formed of seven nobles, by whom all decrees of the sovereign were to be approved before they could take effect. Dolgorouki was at the head of it, and laid before the duchess, together with the offer of the crown, the conditions she was required to subscribe to. "She could impose no taxes, make no gift of crown lands; could neither declare war nor conclude peace; must not appoint her successor, or take a second husband, but by the permission of this despotic and irresponsible council." The duchess Anne hesitated to accept the sovereignty with so mere a shadow of power as was left to her, and the more so as her secretary and favored lover, the notorious John Ernest Biren, whose ruffianly character and dangerous influence over her were too well known, was strictly prohibited from entering Russia.

The selection of the seven nobles to form the new council had given satisfaction only to those who were nominated its members. The disappointed candidates immediately protested that no such council was needed, and, according to Russian custom, secretly set about thwarting its objects. Their communications to the duchess resulted in an arrangement that

induced her to accede without further hesitation to the terms proposed by the council. Great preparations were made at St. Petersburg for receiving her there with due honor, and her coronation at Moscow was more splendid than any that had preceded it. As duchess of Courland, the empress Anne had long been accustomed to comparative refinement, and to a tone of good breeding very different from what had hitherto characterized Russian court life; the coarse, boorish habits of which underwent a marked change for the better from the period of her accession.* She was an extremely handsome woman, of the Russian type of beauty; tall and of fine commanding figure; very courteous and polished in manner, but a thorough Russian in duplicity of character. The first act of the autocratrix was to abolish the newly-established council of seven, and, seated on the throne, she announced in her manifesto that she reigned over "all the Russias" by hereditary right alone, and recognized no power in the Senate to elect her. She then appointed her own ministers, and summoned her lover, Biren, from Courland, to place him at the head of them, and that post the brutal tyrant retained throughout the ten years of Anne's reign.

Biren was a native of Courland, and of obscure origin; a fact very displeasing to him, and a stigma—as he regarded it when he rose in the world—which he strove to efface by writing himself "De Biron," claiming descent from the distinguished French family of that name, and assuming their arms. He was not deficient in talent, and had acquired some elementary education, which, aided by much shrewdness and a strikingly handsome person, won for him the post of secretary to the duchess Anne, whose affections, by his apparent devotion to her, he succeeded in gaining. The influence of his imperial mistress with the nobles of the duchy, together with her newly-acquired power as czarina, of employing Russian troops to enforce her wishes, procured her favorite's election to the ducal sovereignty; while, through the lamentable infatuation that led her to give the supreme power

into Biren's hands, she also placed over Russia a barbarous despot, whose numerous atrocities were scarcely surpassed by those of the inhuman monster Ivan the Terrible. It was partly to appease him that the empress so speedily abolished the council of seven, for Dolgorouki had deeply wounded his pride. When the prince arrived at Mittau and was about to announce the elevation of the duchess Anne to the throne, he observed standing at the farther end of her apartment a man of slovenly attire, and supposing him to be a servant, requested that he might be ordered to withdraw. The haughty Biren immediately turned towards the prince with defiant gestures, and crossing the room seated himself by the side of the duchess. The astonished and indignant Dolgorouki, accustomed to the slavish obedience of serfs, angrily seized the presumptuous stranger by the arm, and would have ejected him by force had not Anne, in great trepidation, gasped out, "Monsieur de Biron, my secretary." Dolgorouki released him, and silently returned to his seat. Biren, without uttering a word—probably aware that opportunity would soon offer of better showing his resentment by deeds—in sullen rage left the room. Very soon after the coronation of the empress, Dolgorouki was on his way to Siberia; three others, princes of the empire, were beheaded; two other members of the council were shut up for life in the dungeons of a fortress, and the seventh was broken on the wheel. Thus was the council of seven effectually disposed of; and thus was the vengeance of an empress's favorite sated.

The empress Anne was naturally of a humane disposition, but her passionate and degrading love for the inhuman Biren made her the mere slave of his will—a slave more abject than the most oppressed of Russian women had ever been to a tyrant master. By the stroke of her pen she could have instantly consigned him to the dungeon and scaffold he so richly merited; but with more than weakest woman's weakness she dared not risk incurring his displeasure by using, even when she most earnestly wished it, her prerogative of showing mercy when he had pitilessly and unjustly condemned, and her heart was bleeding for his victims. It seems incredible, yet writers of the time assert that to obtain the reversal of some cruel decree, "*l'impératrice se mettait souvent à genoux devant lui pour l'adoucir; mais les prières et les larmes de cette princesse ne pouvaient le toucher.*"

* When Peter the First married his niece Anne to the duke of Courland, the wedding guests were compelled to do honor to the auspicious event by excessive feasting and drinking. The bridegroom, while endeavoring to vie with Peter in the number of his draughts of brandy from the "great eagle of Russia," fell senseless on the floor and died. Peter then claimed Courland for Anne, and the Courlanders, having no army, submitted, and became eventually one of "the Russias."

But while Biren inaugurated her reign with the wholesale banishment and butchery of her subjects, the empress, who was fond of pleasure and magnificence, gave balls and entertainments whose gaiety and splendor delighted and astonished the boorish Russian court, and in some measure reconciled them to the arbitrary rule of her favorite. With true Russian servility they crouched to the execrable minion then in power, and, while he was shedding the best blood of their country, bent the knee to him, and to curry favor with him kissed the iron rod he wielded and the blood-stained hand that held it. No wonder that coarseness and brutality should so long have been the chief characteristics of the Russian people, when the atrocities and horrors of each succeeding reign opposed so effectual a barrier to the entry of civilization even into the life of the court. It has been affirmed that the character of the empress Anne herself became deteriorated and her bearing lost something of its dignity after she had filled for a few years the imperial throne. Ambassadors and travellers of note of that day have described the dazzling splendor of her court as unequalled by any in Europe. Yet inebriety and consequent brawls, even in the presence of the empress, often marred the most sumptuous of her *fêtes*; and from beneath all the glitter and pomp then so ostentatiously displayed Muscovite grossness and barbarity constantly peeped forth. Of a ball given in January 1734 the account states that

Along the sides of the spacious saloons, and filling the atmosphere with their mingled sweet odors, were ranged rows of orange-trees in blossom and myrtles in bloom. Arbors, over which were twined the jessamine and honeysuckle, were placed in shaded nooks, and beneath them were mossy banks and seats of fresh turf—an enchanter's wand seemingly having brought from a southern clime the flowers, fruits, and scenery of summer, to place them in freshest bloom and beauty amidst the frozen snows of the north. The empress was magnificently dressed, her robes glittering with diamonds. She looked remarkably handsome, and her mien was most gracious. Many of the ladies also displayed magnificent jewels, splendid dresses, and much beauty, and the nobles and great officers made no mean contribution to the show, in the blaze of jewelled orders with which they were decorated. Amongst the guests were ambassadors from China—the only instance of a Chinese embassy having appeared at a European court. And they proved themselves not bad courtiers, as, in reply to the empress's question, which of the ladies present he thought the most beautiful, the chief ambas-

sador said that "on nights when the firmament was full of brilliant stars it was very difficult to decide which star shone most brilliantly."

Under the reign of Anne, Russia made considerable advance in material greatness. The empress aimed at carrying out in her domestic policy the plans of Peter the First. She encouraged skilled artificers from foreign countries to settle in Russia and promoted the establishment of manufactories of woollen and silk goods. The Ladoga canal, begun by Peter for the purpose of facilitating the furnishing of supplies to St. Petersburg, was completed in her reign, and the army was brought to a state of much greater efficiency, under Bouchard, a severe disciplinarian, known as "*le feld-maréchal de Munich*." He was a Dane, and at the age of seventeen began his military career in the service of the prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, and afterwards served under Prince Eugène and Marlborough. His hasty temper and impatience of Biren's interference in military matters, of which he was entirely ignorant, often dangerously provoked the ire of that great personage, and would speedily have brought condign punishment on Munich, but for the difficulty experienced in finding an equally able commander-in-chief to succeed him. It was Munich who first introduced a corps of engineers into the Russian army, and by his successes in Poland enabled Anne to set up a king there subservient to Russia, and in defiance of the French. Aided by his second in command, General Lacy, he took Azof and invaded the Crimea—for Anne eagerly desired to recover the places that Peter the First had been forced to give up at the peace of Pruth, and to give Russia a southern seaboard. Austria was allied with Russia in this expedition, but her troops were so thoroughly beaten by the Turks that she sued for a separate peace. Single-handed, Russia was unable to continue the war—so heavy had been her losses in men and treasure, and in the utter devastation of various parts of the country. She therefore thought it prudent to propose negotiation to the Turks, and in 1739 peace was concluded—all the Russian conquests being again restored to Turkey. These four years of unsuccessful warfare cost Russia not less than one hundred thousand men and many millions of roubles.

Meanwhile, Biren had been despatching his thousands also—some to the scaffold, others to Siberia. The greater part of these perished in the inclement land of

exile from misery and starvation, or died on the road, unable to support the hardships and fatigues of the journey. It has been computed that during the ten years' reign of the empress Anne, at least fifteen thousand persons felt the effects of her miscreant favorite's tyranny, either in some terribly barbarous death, torturing punishment, or Siberian exile. The confiscated lands and other property of these unhappy persons, together with the plunder of the State, had made him the wealthiest man in Russia, and probably in Europe. So great was the ascendancy he had acquired that men of all ranks trembled before him. When "his Highness the Duc de Biron of Courland" passed with his retinue through the streets, the people on foot fled, lest his evil eye should fall on them. Carriages drew up and their occupants alighted to salute him, with bared and bowed heads, as he passed. Foreign ministers did not disdain to kiss his hand, or at the state banquets to pledge him, with effusive sentiment, in overflowing goblets of wine.

In 1739 the princess Anne, daughter of the Duchess of Mecklenburg, the elder sister of the empress, was married to Prince Antony, brother of the reigning duke of Brunswick. The young couple, at the invitation of the empress, who then proposed to nominate her niece her successor, came to reside at the Russian capital. But in the following year a son was born to them. He was named Ivan, and christened according to the rites of the Greek Church. This great-grandson of the grand duke Ivan the empress now proclaimed her heir-apparent, with the hope of prolonging the reign of her favorite, or probably at his command. She named Biren regent in the event of Ivan succeeding to the imperial throne in his minority. This decree was made October 18, 1740, the child being then two months old. Ten days afterwards, quite unexpectedly, the empress died.

Biren immediately assumed the title of "his Highness the regent," and began his reign by summarily putting out of the way a batch of persons whose presence about the court was offensive to him. He also separated the "baby-czar, Ivan the Sixth, from his parents, and thus raised up for himself two mortal enemies. He had, besides, a host of others, who long before would have taken vengeance upon him, had not the ineradicable veneration of Russians for a high-handed sovereign restrained them. No time was lost by the prince and princess in concerting meas-

ures with Osterman, the dissatisfied chief minister, and with Marshal de Munich, the equally dissatisfied head of the army, for the downfall of the tyrant. In the month of November, and on the twenty-first day of his reign, a party of fifty guards, under an officer Munich could rely upon, silently entered the palace. At midnight they seized his Highness in his bed, and conveyed him to the fortress of Schlussemburg. After some months of strict confinement and the confiscation of the whole of his enormous wealth to the State, he was condemned, not, as he had condemned so many, to be maimed, mutilated, beheaded, and burned, but to banishment for life to Pelim—a wretched Siberian village, indebted to him for its miserable population, who received him when he arrived among them with the scorn and derision he deserved.

The princess Anne succeeded to the regency. Prince Antony desired to share in the government, but Anne, who thought her husband less competent to rule than herself, would not allow of his interference in affairs of State. Disputes arose between them in consequence, though otherwise they are said to have been an affectionate couple. The Russian nobles looked jealously upon them as foreigners, and were little disposed to favor the claims of young Ivan, with the prospect of a troubled minority of seventeen years before him. As usual, too, there were many scheming hangers-on of the court eagerly looking forward to the next turn of the imperial kaleidoscope to bring them, as they hoped, the chance of more prominent places in the new arrangement of its parts. But the regency of the princess Anne dragged on, amidst general murmuring and discontent, yet a few months longer, when a court intrigue, the chief promoter of which was L'Estorg, a man of French extraction, and the physician of the princess Elizabeth, younger daughter of Peter and Catherine the First, brought it suddenly to an end. Though residing at St. Petersburg since the death of her mother, Elizabeth had held but little intercourse with either the empress Anne or the princess-regent, and rarely appeared at court. The daughter and granddaughter of the elder branch of the Romanoffs looked coolly and haughtily upon the illegitimate daughter of the peasant Catherine. It was considered that she had no claim to the throne, and she had evinced no desire to reign. She had inherited the vicious propensities indulged in by her mother in the latter part of her

life, but none of the force of character she had shown in her earlier days, and apparently was content to live in retirement in luxury and indolence. When, however, L'Estorq and others whispered to her of her right to reign, and confided their plans to her, she very readily acquiesced in them.

A part of the army being gained over, on December 5, 1741, a regiment surrounded the palace, and a strong guard was placed over the prince and princess of Brunswick. The party of soldiers who had orders to seize the person of the young czar found him sleeping in his cradle, and, strangely enough, considering the nature of their errand, waited respectfully until the poor babe had had his nap out. They then conveyed him to Elizabeth, who took him in her arms and kissed and caressed him. She had already been brought by L'Estorq to the palace, and the soldiers and people assembled outside were then expressing their joy at the success of the revolution in loud acclamations and *vivas* for the empress. The child's attention was caught by the noise, and he laughed gleefully. "Poor child!" exclaimed Elizabeth, with well-feigned emotion. "Alas! you know not that those cries which so delight you express the joy of those who have deprived you of your throne." She then gave him into the charge of the officer who was to convey him and his parents to the fortress of Schlussemburg, there to remain till the further pleasure of the new empress should be made known respecting them.

C. C. J.

From The Examiner.

CONCEIT.

It would be difficult to name a vice so innocent towards others as conceit. Your impatience, your apathy, your fretfulness, your carelessness, your garrulity, your extravagance, all these, almost all faults and foibles in the catalogue of human imperfection, have it inevitable to them to inflict harms and vexations on people you have to do with; your conceit leaves them never a whit the worse. And yet there is nothing man resents so much as conceit in his fellow-man. The display of it arouses an aggressive desire for the reformation of the offender which can only be satiated by his miserable abashment, and to that end many will take over a mere casual acquaintance an amount of trouble which few

would think worth while for the cure of downright depravity in any person in whom they had not the immediate interest of near kinship or responsible connection. While there is a watchful delicacy about even alluding to any other mental or moral defect in the presence of a person known to be one of those possessing it, or rather possessed by it, not only politeness but reasonable kindness is constantly set aside without compunction for the sake of giving the conceited the gift of seeing themselves as others see them — with their least softening spectacles on. One would think it need not matter much to any one of us if our friend has more admiration for himself than we have for him; yet his error is one which it is scarcely in human nature to tolerate, and for him charity bears the pedagogue's whip. It is every man's mission to inflict wholesome discipline for his good on the conceited man.

It might be supposed that the peculiar annoyance, as if from some impertinence to ourselves personally, caused by other people's conceit, is from its bringing with it a sense of offence against our own. The sinner is, we might take it, by overrating his gifts, disavowing our superiority or claiming a vexatious equality; or, if what he thinks much of in himself is something which we do not at all possess, his merit must, in his own mind at all events, go to prove our deficiency. And probably some of the resentment against conceit does have its source in this feeling; and, where the conceit has in it, beyond its own mere unalloyed self-gratulation, the ill flavors of arrogance and assumption, the resentment against it will consciously derive much from such a source. But a homœopathic conflict of conceit against conceit does not account for all. Else why are teachers, and even parents, so apt to use against this particular fault an asperity and bitterness which might seem more fitly measured to larger faults which go overlooked? — why do they so commonly infuse a sort of spitefulness into their rebukes and their hints? — why do they feel in the culprit's mortification a pleasure akin to cruelty which would be far enough from them if the mortification had been never so well deserved by naughtiness? It is amusing to see the care with which parents who never think of keeping watch for the young upshooting of other ill weeds guard against the tiniest growth of what might come to be conceit. Generally the plan taken is to snub the clever children and to tell the pretty ones they are plain. Not much comes of it in

any way; and good cannot come. When there is any result, it is usually a morbid self-depreciation — conceit gangrened and driven inward — which, though a less irritating phase of the malady to other people, is infinitely more harmful in lessening the usefulness as well as the happiness of the sufferer. But oftenest the clever and the pretty find themselves out betimes, and, seeing through the improvingly meant dispraises practised upon them, take them as compliments and are the more able to appreciate their gifts and graces. If their minds are actively and wholesomely employed they will be none the worse for the knowledge. To be honestly aware of advantages, to feel a pleasure in their possession even, need no more be conceit than is the swallow's confidence and pleasure in its power of flight.

Real conceit seems to be partly the over-estimation of what one is, and therefore of what one does, and partly the living, as it were, before a looking-glass taking notice of one's self. Sometimes the over-estimation may be only apparent; the capacity one supposes in one's self may have really existed, may still exist, but the time which should have gone to cultivating and developing it has gone in admiring it; it has been frittered away in little exhibitions, and has dwindled for want of pains to make it more. Bystanders, seeing no signs of it, believe it never was but as an hallucination of demented vanity; but it did once have its place as a rational prompting to the exercise of a faculty, and it is possible that the faculty may have been worth exercising. The chattering sciolist, the half-skilled, superfluous *dilettante*, may have had in them so much instinctive ability as, with the plodding zeal of humility, goes to make sound philosophers and competent artists. They were right, perhaps, in thinking they could get over the racecourse, but they kept stopping on the way to pat their heads and give themselves sugarplums, and so they never got near the goal. Unhappily, such runners are apt to believe in their capabilities for the extremest prowess, just because they have never at any time tested their strength to the full. What they have done they have done with such ease that surely a little effort would make them a match for the best. Something in them, they know not what — a genius which cannot bear harness, a nobility of nature which forbids descent into the arena of competition, a divine indolence, an ethereal carelessness — something, in fact, whatever it be, which is impractical but exceedingly

superior, has hindered them of craftsman's excellence. These superlunary beings descend not to the menial steadiness of a Whewell, a Tennyson, a Huxley, a Millais: they are comets, air-plants, all sorts of erratic wild flowers, uncatalogued stars, anything that cannot be calculated upon and goes its own way uselessly. Nobody is so possessed of a lyre, a soul, a genius, a star, as the occasional poet incapably ferocious against grammar and petulant at metre. A plain-sailing Shakespeare, or Milton, or so, has little enough of such extra-human inspiration to boast; but the amount of respectable gentlemen and ladies who are guided and gifted by such consummate influences is past the multiplication table. Something gets in their way to even penny-a-liner publicity; and they are scarcely likely to perceive that the something is conceit.

Yet, do we know what is conceit? Can we tell who, of the youthful, is under its blight? No little boy could be more liable to be accused of it by rational creatures than the little boy who saw a picture which, of course, he could no more have painted than he could have jumped over the moon, and cheerfully remarked, "*Anch'io son pittore.*" By-and-by it turned out that he was right. But if circumstances had been adverse — if he had never got a chance of learning to mix the colors and the vehicles the right way — would he have been conceited because he never became a successful painter? Would the prompting have been less genuine because opportunity failed?

The doggrel that is written! the daubs that are painted! and all under the youthful inspiration that feels a power none looking at the execution can discern. Are we to see in such immature confidence only conceit? Or, if it be conceit that nerves young boneless creatures to enterprises of a Hercules, in which they fail, and leaves them after failure ready to begin again, and try, try, try, till they fail past their strength to rise again, as the million do, or with final gasps rise again and triumph, as the dozen do — then, if this be conceit, as doubtless it is, let us thank God for conceit, and be a little lenient even to the simpletons in whom conceit is but an enervating mistake. Conceit in the young means the possibility of immortal success, of ludicrous failure. If there were no conceit among the young, what would there be for the world but decent, self-seeking, so much per cent. respectability? For the gain of the future, for kindly pity's sake to-day, let us

be a little more lenient to conceit than we are, remembering that, if without it there need be no bathos of presumption in the dust, there could be no ascension of low-born greatness to the heights.

From *Vanity Fair*.

HOLIDAYS.

THE praise of holidays has been so favorite a theme of late in this busy land of ours, and they have been so increased in number not only by practice but even by act of Parliament, that we seem to be in some danger of coming to the state of Spain as described by the Irishman who said, "It is a country where to-day is always to-morrow, and that is a holiday." The multiplication of blank days may be a mark of "civilization," or it may be merely a trades-union device, by which the stock-brokers and bankers of an enlightened legislature prevent other stockbrokers and bankers from doing the business they do not wish to do themselves; but it is assuredly not an unmixed good, and when, as at Easter-time, the severer attacks of holiday set in, many who regard it as an unmixed evil may be easily excused. There are men who when they see the newspapers putting forth advertisements of excursion trains, and behold vans full of rowdy men and women, blasting the morning air with cornets horribly out of tune, feel impelled straightway to take to their bed and not to get up again until the holidays are past and over and work once more begins. It is not that they grudge the people their "outing" in Epping Forest, Hampton Court Park, or further afield, nor that they entertain any scruples as to the drunkenness in which these excursions always end for the men, or the accidents of another kind which commonly result for the women — on the contrary, they are well disposed towards holiday-making; what they object to is that everybody should make holiday altogether; they are all for cakes and ale and junketing, but they would have cakes and ale consumed turn and turn about. In short, what they feel as a misfortune is not the holiday itself, but the generality of it, the holiday by act of Parliament which forces all men to join in it at one and the same time, instead of each man taking it at a different time. And they point to the effect of the general holiday as amply justifying their objections.

The first result is that the whole work-day life of the country is forcibly stopped.

As matters now stand there are four days together at Easter during which no man can get a cheque cashed or a coat sent home, or any of those things done which tradesmen exist to do. If he would buy anything the shop is closed; if he would write a letter the post-office would break down in its delivery; and if, in despair, he decides to leave town, there is not a cab to be had, and the railway, if ever he reaches it, is choked with excursionists, each one of whom seems to have two babies and a dozen paper bags, and to be so muddled that they throw the paper bags about the carriages and the stations instead of the babies. When he gets to the country, instead of peace and quiet he finds more excursionists, and more paper bags and babies; but there is no help for it anywhere, and he passes his miserable four days cursing Sir John Lubbock and the collective wisdom of Parliament, which in the attempt to make all men happy by holidays has only made the greater number idle and drunken, and the rest miserable and helpless. Then perhaps he thinks of that same collective wisdom refusing, as it always has, to open the museums on the Sunday, which is the proper and, if rightly dealt with, would be the sufficient holiday of the masses — and, thus thinking, he is led by his wrongs to wish that the collective wisdom had but one head that he might punch it at a blow.

Nobody can pretend that this is a proper or desirable frame of mind for an inoffensive and amiable person to be brought to; nevertheless it is to that frame of mind that many hundreds of those who have the misfortune to be stigmatized as "the upper classes" have been brought during this very past week in consequence of these holidays which have made Easter a season of as great tribulation as Christmas itself. It is probably inevitable that holidays should come. They come badly enough every Saturday afternoon; they come also every Sunday, and they come at Easter, at Whitsuntide, and at Christmas, besides other times. Now each set of these holidays involves not only the holiday itself, but also a preceding and succeeding stage of idleness, riot, and drunkenness, of days when shops are closed, when trains don't arrive, when letters are delayed, and cheques can't be cashed. If these things must be, and if it is absolutely necessary that everybody should idle, riot, and get drunk simultaneously, it would be far better to lump up all the holidays together — to join in one, Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, the half-Satur-

days, the bank holidays, and all the rest, and so build up one big annual saturnalia and there an end. By this means we should know what to expect and when to expect it, and should make our preparations to go abroad accordingly, instead of being always unexpectedly and suddenly brought up as we now are by constantly recurring holidays which scarcely leave a man time to get sober before he is bound by act of Parliament to get drunk again.

From Temple Bar.

THE YEOMAN'S STORY.

Is it you, old neighbor and friend? I'm here in the dark alone;
I wasn't noticing much how sombre the room had grown.
I know by the grasp of your hand the things that you want to say,
But I'd rather you shouldn't say them—at least till another day.

Yes, Will, he has gone at last. My darling is really dead;
All I had left in the world, and I haven't a tear to shed!
Give me your arm—there's the moon there, full over the apple-trees,
Let us walk and talk for a little—maybe it'll give me ease.

Will, you remember his mother? You must often have heard it said
There was never a prettier woman, nor one that held higher her head;
Yet only a village beauty, with cheeks like the month of May,
And a mother to slave for her dress, and a father to give her her way . . .

Philip was comely and tall, but I was richer than he;
Sometimes she liked Philip the best, and sometimes she seemed to like me.
She played fast and loose with us both, as only these young things can
Who fancy no sport so well as to toy with the heart of a man.

Well, Will, without bonnet or shawl she came to my house one night,
Said she had broken with Philip, and if I would have her I might.
Shall I ever forget that moment, when, shaking in every limb,
I seemed to hear music about me more solemn and sweet than a hymn?

We were married within the month, and Philip had gone away—
A happier man than I never looked on the light of day!
I whistled from morning to night, and was blithe as a bird on the wing,
Ah, lad! that a strong man's soul should hang on so weak a thing!

I don't remember exactly when first I noticed the change,
But I know that soon something struck me as not like herself, and strange;
Her dimples were not so deep, nor so round her little chin,
And her eyes grew brighter and brighter as her cheeks seemed hollowing in.

She watched my every turn with her large blue wistful eyes,
As though she had something to say—she was full of trouble and sighs;
I thought she was sick for a sight of the old folks down at the mill,
But she wouldn't go near her mother, and that made me uneasy, Will.

She fretted a deal at last, and the child when 'twas born wasn't strong;
But like the fool that I was, I didn't think what was wrong,
Till I came unawares upon her in the beech-copse yonder . . . she lay
In a heap . . . with a letter . . . from Philip . . . and sobbing her heart away.

It was well she died as she did; she was spared from a heavier fate,
For when he came home from sea, he came just a week too late:
The osiers were binding her bed, and the May rose had burst into bloom,
When I heard he was back in the village. 'Twas close on the evening gloom,

I had opened the churchyard gate, with an armful of lilac flowers
To deck out her grave a little (not green yet in spite of the showers),
When I paused without dropping the latch, for Philip was standing there
With his arms hanging down at his sides, and his lips on the work as in prayer.

I was sorry for him, right sorry—he was so stricken and wan;
His face when he lifted it up was the face of an aged man;
The look that he gave when he saw me will never pass out of my sight,
But I couldn't give him my hand, Will, I couldn't, try as I might!

So you see I was left with the baby. Could
you think such a little boy
Could grow all the world to me, my all of sor-
row or joy?

No hands touched him but mine—don't
smile, lad—I washed him, and fed,
And watched till he fell asleep every night by
his cradle-bed.

I carried him in my arms, and played with his
curly hair,
His eyes, the picture of hers, were sometimes
hard to bear,

But I grew a better man, Will, than ever be-
fore I had been,

With her baby boy to live for, and her grave
to keep neat and green.

'Tis wonderful, Will, these children, how soon
they come to know!

It didn't seem any time before he could laugh
and crow,

And stretch out his little arms when he saw
me coming nigh—

The best child ever born, and never the one
to cry!

Sometimes I used to lift the hem of his baby-
clothes

And nurse his tiny feet, pinkish-white, like a
wild hedge-rose,

And wonder through what rough paths they
would tread in the years to come—

I didn't think then they'd be taking the safest
and surest *home*. . . .

Three years old when he died! and just be-
ginning to talk,

To prattle to Rover and me, and toddle about
in the walk!

It makes you sometimes doubt if things are so
right after all,

When the weeds are left to flourish, and the
blossoms are made to fall.

You've some of your own at home—you'd
like to see him maybe?

It can only do you good, Will, to think upon
him and me!

You'll feel the goodness of God as you never
felt it before

When the young ones hear your footsteps, and
rush to the cottage-door!

Do you hear that moaning noise? It's Rover
down in the yard;

I'd a mind to shoot him the morn, and yet
'twould be rather hard;

The boy was fond o' the dog, and the poor
brute seems to know—

Being old, and scarce able to crawl, he misses
my darling so!

That's his hat on the peg, and yonder his poor
little toys—

It grieves me above a bit that I've ever been
vexed at the noise;

Now I'd give worlds to hear it, even though
it were ten times more—

O Will! how my heart sinks down as we come
near the bedroom door! . . .

There he lies in his cot, so quiet and happy
and still,

He looks more like his mother than ever I
saw him, Will. . . .

What a selfish fool am I, to regret that he's
gone from here,

For hasn't his face a smile, lad? and that's
better sure than a tear!

Death is sweeter than life, and slumber is
sweeter than pain.

'Tis such a hard fight, old man, and we have
so little to gain!

Who knows what he might have come to had
he lived to be old as we?

If life is a good thing, Will, 'tis a better thing
not to be!

Those snowdrops he picked himself that he
holds in his tiny hands,

Now he gathers the flowers of Paradise as
clothed in white wings he stands

In the garden of God, looking upward to the
throne of eternal grace,

With the light of ineffable love streaming
down on the hush of his face.

Will, do you think he remembers? or has he
forgotten it all?

The old dog crippled and blind, who always
limped up at his call,

The pipe of the early thrushes, the bloom on
the orchard-trees,

My face, that his eyes were fixed on when I
took him to die on my knees?

O God! let him not forget me! Let him still
remember, and wait,

And watch with a wistful longing when they
open the golden gate;

Watch with a wistful longing till he sees me
enter in,

Pure as a little child, and free forever from
sin!

But the house, Will, the lonely acres, the poor
little empty chair,

The picture-books unopened, the silence upon
the stair?

How shall I listen o' nights to the moan of
the winds on the hill?

And the rush of the rain from the skies?
God! how I shall miss him, Will!

FLORENCE K. BERGER.